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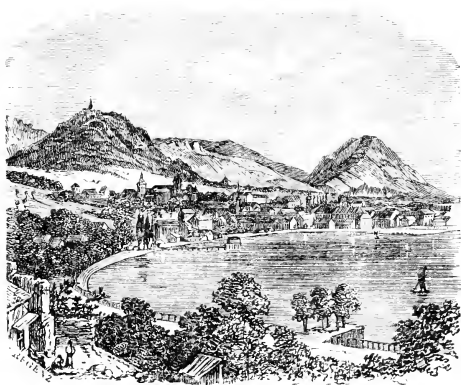


Napoleon

HISTORICAL SERIES—BOOK III PART II

STORIES OF OTHER LANDS

COMPILED AND ARRANGED
BY JAMES JOHONNOT



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P R E F A C E .

PUPILS who have read the lower numbers of this series are already acquainted with the methods pursued. A story interesting to children is given in the language of daily life, the lessons gradually rising into the more stately style of what is called literature. The language used is usually of such a character as to enable the pupil to continually enlarge his vocabulary and correct the mistakes and provincialism of his own speech and writing by a study of the masterpieces of history and biography.

In the lower books the stories were mostly of our own country, and the articles chosen were those which with no uncertain sound taught the elements of patriotism. In the "Stories of other Lands" it will be seen that all through the later history of Europe the battle for human freedom has gone on, each nation in turn seeming to be the custodian of the brightest interests of humanity.

The story is the thought, with the proper explanation and presentations of each of the lessons. The pupils from the first can not help being interested in the work, and in consequence of this interest much of the difficulty usually experienced in learning to read is overcome.

The preparation needed is the study of unfamiliar

words and the use of these words in original sentences, both in speech and in writing ; then, when all obstacles in regard to the language have been removed, the reading goes on through the intellectual activity aroused by the interest of the stories themselves.

Familiarity with words comes from the use and repetition of them in sentences ; errors disappear before experience, and a habit is acquired of looking through text to the thought which the text conveys.

The fragments of history here given are designed to excite such an interest as to lead the pupil to more extensive reading, and especially of such as will open to his view the succession of the peoples who have ruled the world, and the philosophy which has obtained in the development of the human race.

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STORIES OF SPAIN.

I.

THE RETURN OF COLUMBUS.

1. THE letter of Columbus to the Spanish monarchs, announcing his discovery, had produced the greatest sensation at court. The event it communicated was considered the most extraordinary of their prosperous reign, and, following so close upon the conquest of Granada, was pronounced a signal mark of divine favor for that triumph achieved in the cause of the true faith. The sovereigns themselves were for a time dazzled and bewildered by this sudden and easy acquisition of a new empire of indefinite extent and apparently boundless wealth, and their first idea was to secure it beyond the reach of question or competition. Shortly after his arrival in Seville, Columbus received a letter from them expressing their great delight, and requesting him to repair immediately to court to concert plans for a second and more extensive expedition.

2. As the summer was already advancing, the time favorable for a voyage, they desired him to

make any arrangements at Seville or elsewhere that might hasten the expedition, and to inform them by the return of the courier what was necessary to be done on their part. This letter was addressed to him by the title of "Don Christopher Columbus, our Admiral of the Ocean Sea, and



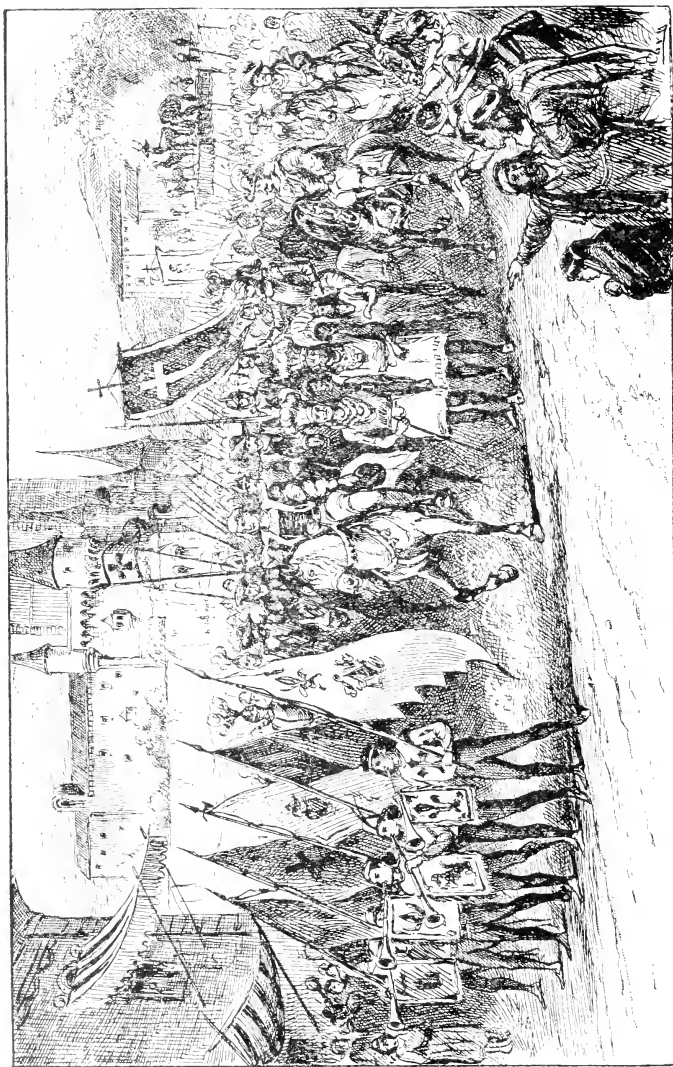
Christopher Columbus.

Viceroy and Governor of the Islands discovered in the Indies"; at the same time he was promised still further rewards. Columbus lost no time in complying with the commands of the sovereigns. He sent a memorandum of the ships, men, and munitions that would be requisite, and, having made such dispositions at Seville as circumstances permitted, set out on his journey for Barcelona, taking with him six Indians and the various curiosities and productions he had brought from the New World.

3. The fame of his discovery had resounded throughout the nation, and, as his route lay through several of the finest and most populous provinces of Spain, his journey appeared like the progress of

a sovereign. Wherever he passed, the surrounding country poured forth its inhabitants, who lined the road and thronged the villages. In the large towns, the streets, windows, and balconies were filled with eager spectators, who rent the air with acclamations. His journey was continually impeded by the multitude pressing to gain a sight of him and of the Indians, who were regarded with as much admiration as if they had been natives of another planet. It was impossible to satisfy the craving curiosity which assailed himself and his attendants at every stage with innumerable questions. Popular rumor as usual had exaggerated the truth and had filled the newly-found country with all kinds of wonders.

4. It was about the middle of April that Columbus arrived at Barcelona, where every preparation had been made to give him a solemn and magnificent reception. The beauty and serenity of the weather in that genial season and favored climate contributed to give splendor to this memorable ceremony. As he drew near the place, many of the more youthful courtiers and hidalgos of gallant bearing came forth to meet and welcome him. His entrance into this noble city has been compared to one of those triumphs which the Romans were accustomed to decree to conquerors. First, were paraded the Indians, painted according to



The return of Columbus.

their savage fashion, and decorated with tropical feathers and with their national ornaments of gold. After these were borne various kinds of live parrots, together with stuffed birds and animals of unknown species, and rare plants supposed to be of precious qualities, while great care was taken to make a conspicuous display of Indian coronets, bracelets, and other decorations of gold which might give an idea of the wealth of the newly discovered regions. After these followed Columbus on horseback, surrounded by a brilliant cavalcade of Spanish chivalry.

5. The streets were almost impassable from the countless multitude; the windows and balconies were crowded with the fair; the very roofs were covered with spectators. It seemed as if the public eye could not be sated with gazing on these trophies of an unknown world or on the remarkable man by whom it had been discovered. There was a sublimity in this event that mingled a solemn feeling with the public joy. It was looked upon as a vast and signal dispensation of Providence in reward for the piety of the monarchs; and the majestic and venerable appearance of the discoverer, so different from the youth and buoyancy that are generally expected from roving enterprise, seemed in harmony with the grandeur and dignity of his achievement.

To receive him with suitable pomp and distinction, the sovereigns had ordered their throne to be placed in public, under a rich canopy of brocade of gold, in a vast and splendid saloon. Here the king and queen awaited his arrival, seated in state, with the Prince Juan beside them, and attended by the dignitaries of their court and the principal nobility of Castile, Valencia, Catalonia, and Arragon, all impatient to behold the man who had conferred so incalculable a benefit upon the nation.

6. At length Columbus entered the hall surrounded by a brilliant crowd of cavaliers, among whom, says Las Casas, he was conspicuous for his stately and commanding person, which, with his countenance rendered venerable by his gray hairs, gave him the august appearance of a senator of Rome. A modest smile lighted up his features, showing that he enjoyed the state and glory in which he came; and certainly nothing could be more deeply moving to a mind inflamed by noble ambition, and conscious of having greatly deserved, than these testimonials of the admiration and gratitude of a nation or rather of a world. As Columbus approached, the sovereigns rose as if receiving a person of the highest rank. Bending his knees, he requested to kiss their hands; but there was some hesitation on the part of their majesties to

permit this act of vassalage. Raising him in the most gracious manner, they ordered him to seat



Reception of Columbus by Ferdinand and Isabella.

himself in their presence—a rare honor in this proud and punctilious court.

7. At the request of their majesties, Columbus now gave an account of the most striking events of his voyage and a description of the islands which he had discovered. He displayed the speci-

mens he had brought of unknown birds and other animals, of rare plants of medicinal and aromatic virtue ; of native gold in dust, in crude masses, or labored into barbaric ornaments ; and, above all, the natives of these countries, who were objects of intense and inexhaustible interest, since there is nothing to man so curious as the varieties of his own species. All these he pronounced mere harbingers of great discoveries he had yet to make, which would add realms of incalculable wealth to the dominions of their majesties, and whole nations of proselytes to the true faith.

8. The words of Columbus were listened to with profound emotion by the sovereigns. When he had finished they sunk on their knees, and, raising their clasped hands to Heaven, their eyes filled with tears of joy and gratitude, they poured forth thanks and praises to God for so great a providence. All present followed their example. A deep and solemn enthusiasm pervaded that splendid assembly and prevented all common acclamations of triumph. The anthem of *Te Deum Laudamus*, chanted by the choir of the royal chapel, with the melodious accompaniments of the instruments, rose up from the midst in a full body of sacred harmony, bearing up, as it were, the feelings and thoughts of the auditors to Heaven ; “so that,” says the venerable Las Casas, “it seemed as

if in that hour they communicated with celestial delights." Such was the solemn and pious manner in which the brilliant court of Spain celebrated this sublime event, offering up a grateful tribute of melody and praise, and giving glory to God for the discovery of another world.

Washington Irving.



II.

FERDINAND MAGELLAN.

1. COMMERCIAL rivalry had thus passed from Venice and Genoa to Spain and Portugal. The circumnavigation of the earth originated in a dispute between these kingdoms respecting the Molucca Islands, from which nutmegs, cloves, and mace were obtained. Ferdinand Magellan had been in the service of the King of Portugal; but an application he had made for an increase of half a ducat a month in his stipend having been refused, he passed into the service of the King of Spain, along with one Ray Falero, a friend of his, who, among the vulgar, bore the reputation of conjurer, or magician, but who really possessed considerable astronomical attainments, devoting

himself to the discovery of improved means for finding the place of a ship at sea.

2. Magellan persuaded the Spanish government that the Spice Islands could be reached by sailing to the west, the Portuguese having previously reached them by sailing to the east, and if this were accomplished Spain would have as good a title to them, under the bull of Alexander VI, as Portugal. Five ships, carrying 237 men, were accordingly equipped, and on August 10, 1519, Magellan sailed for Seville. The *Semite* was the admiral's ship, but the *San Viltoria* was destined for immortality. He struck boldly for the southwest, not crossing the trough of the Atlantic as Columbus had done, but passing down the length of it, his aim being to find some cleft or passage in the American continent through which he might sail into the Great South Sea.

3. For seventy days he was becalmed under the line. He then lost sight of the north star, but courageously held on toward the "pole antartike." He nearly foundered in a storm, "which did not abate till the three fires, called St. Helen, St. Nicholas, and St. Clare, appeared playing in the rigging of the ships." In a new land, to which he gave the name of Patagoni, he found giants "of good corporature," clad in skins. One of them, a very pleasant and tractable

giant, were terrified at his own visage in a looking-glass.

4. Among the sailors, alarmed at the distance they had come, mutiny broke out, requiring the most unflinching resolution in the commander for its suppression. In spite of his watchfulness, one ship deserted him and stole to Spain. His perseverance and resolution were at last rewarded by the discovery of the strait named by him San Vitoria, in affectionate honor of his ship, but which, with a worthy sentiment, other sailors soon changed to the "Strait of Magellan."

5. On November 28, 1520, after a year and a quarter of struggling, he issued forth from its western portals and entered the Great South Sea, shedding tears of joy, as Pigafelts, an eye-witness, relates, when he recognized its infinite expanse—tears of stern joy that it had pleased God to bring him at length where he might grapple with its unknown dangers. Admiring its illimitable but placid surface, and exulting in the meditation of its secret perils soon to be tried, he courteously imposed on it the name it is forever to bear, "the Pacific Ocean." While buffing for an entry to it, he observed with surprise that in the month of October the nights are only four hours long, and "considered, in this his navigation, that the pole antartike hath no notable star like the pole artike,

but that the pole antartike hath no notable star like the pole arsiike, but that there be two clouds of little stars, somewhat dark in the midst, also a cross of fine, clear stars, but that here the needle becomes so sluggish that it needs must be moved with a bit of load-stone before it will rightly point."

6. And now the great sailor, having burst through the barrier of the American continent, steered for the northwest, attempting to regain the equator. For three months and twenty days he sailed on the Pacific, and never saw inhabited land. He was compelled by famine to strip off the pieces of skin and leather wherewith his rigging was here and there bound, to soak them in the sea, and then soften them with warm water, so as to make a wretched food; to eat the sweepings of the ship and other loathsome matter; to drink water grown putrid by keeping; and yet he resolutely held on his course, though his men were dying daily. As is quaintly observed, their gums grew over their teeth, and so they could not eat. He estimated that he sailed over this unfathomable sea not less than twelve thousand miles.

7. This unparalleled resolution met its reward at last. Magellan reached a group of islands north of the equator—the Ladrões. In a few days more he became aware that his labors had

been successful; he met with adventurers from Sumatra. But, though he had thus grandly accomplished his object, it was not given to him to complete the circumnavigation of the globe. At an island called Leba, or Mutan, he was killed, either, as has been variously related, in a mutiny of his men, or, as they declared, in a conflict with the savages, or insidiously by poison. "The general," they said, "was a very brave man, and received his death-wound in his front, nor would the savages yield up his body for any ransom." Through treason and revenge, it is not unlikely that he fell, for he was a stern man; none but a very stern man could have accomplished so daring a deed. Hardly was he gone when his crew learned that they were actually in the vicinity of the Moluccas, and that the object of their voyage was fulfilled. On the morning of November 8, 1521, having been at sea two years and three months, as the sun was rising, they entered Lidore, the chief port of the Spice Islands. The King of Lidore swore upon the Koran alliance to the King of Spain.

8. I need not allude to the wonderful objects, destined soon to become common to voyagers in the Indian Archipelago, that greeted their eyes; elephants in trappings; vases and vessels of porcelain; birds of Paradise, "that fly not, but be

blown by the wind ”; exhaustless stores of the coveted spices, nutmegs, mace, cloves. And now they prepared to bring the news of their success back to Spain. Magellan’s lieutenant, Sebastian de Elcano, directed his course for the Cape of Good Hope, again encountering the most fearful hardships. Out of his slender crew he lost twenty-one men. He doubled the cape at last, and on September 7, 1522, in the port of St. Lucar, near Seville, under his orders, the good ship *San Vitoria* came safely to an anchor. She had accomplished the greatest achievement in the history of the human race. She had circumnavigated the earth.

Draper.



III.

HERNANDO CORTES.

1. COLUMBUS, and many others of the early discoverers, brought back to Spain accounts of countries far in the interior of America that were inhabited by a race very different from the Indians, a race that had large and populous cities, fine farms, an extensive trade, various manufactures, and who lived in much the same manner as did the people of Europe. These countries were also

represented as rich in silver and gold, specimens of which were found among the people of the coast. As it was known that the natives of the country knew nothing about guns and powder, but used bows and spears, the weapons of the old time, instead, it was thought to be a safe plan to undertake to conquer the countries and so obtain the riches which they possessed.



Hernando Cortes.

2. Among those who were most interested in these projects was Hernando Cortes, a Spanish gentleman residing upon one of the islands. He had heard of the riches of these countries, had seen the gold which came from them, and he planned to go out on a voyage of discovery, and to see for himself the strange things reported to him. In this undertaking his motives seem to be about equally divided between the greed for gold, the love of adventure, and the desire to convert the natives to his own religion.

3. So Cortes raised a force of three hundred men, mostly old soldiers, used to fighting and plunder, and set sail for the coast of Central America in 1519, eighteen years after the discovery of Columbus. After numerous adventures, and

fighting several severe battles with the natives at different places along the coast, Cortes landed at the port, now Vera Cruz, on the 21st of April. Here he founded a colony, then, burning his ships so there could be no retreat, he started for the interior. In every step of his progress he saw evidences of an advanced but crude civilization. The rich soil brought forth abundant crops, and the population was more dense than in any part of Europe. They literally swarmed on all sides, and the little band of Cortes made their way through crowds of wondering natives.

4. The one thing about the Spaniards that most affected the Mexicans was the horsemen. They regarded the horse and his rider as a monster that could vomit forth fire, and fled at his approach. Messengers from Montezuma, the king, forbid Cortes from advancing into the country, but to this the Spaniards paid no heed. Then war began in earnest. The invading army was attacked by the natives numbering thousands, and for many days, through nearly all hours between sunrise and sunset, it was a scene of continued slaughter. The light arrows of the Mexicans could make no impression upon the armor of the Spaniards, while every discharge of artillery literally cut them down by the hundreds.

5. At length, tired of this bloodshed, a tribe,

lately conquered by the Mexicans, made peace with Cortes, and sent an army of several thousand to help him against Montezuma. Upon the 7th



The meeting of Cortes and Montezuma.

of November the Spaniards arrived at Mexico and were welcomed by Montezuma, who gave them quarters in a public square in one of the richest parts of the city. He also sent his unwelcome visitors all the provisions they needed. This state of affairs continued for ten days, friendly meetings taking place daily between Cortes and the king. At last the treacherous Spaniard seized Montezu-

ma when he made a friendly call, loaded him with irons, and held him as a prisoner.

6. At first the Mexicans seemed stunned at the terrible blow, but, as Cortes made no further advances, peace continued for several months. Then Cortez heard that a Spanish force of more than a thousand men, under the command of one of his personal enemies, had been sent out to arrest him, and had arrived and taken possession of his colony at Vera Cruz. Prompt in his actions, he left enough of his force to guard his quarters in the city, and with the remainder he marched rapidly back to the coast. Here he surprised his enemies, and captured the entire army sent out to arrest him. After his victory, he induced the whole number to join his army, and so strengthened he marched back to the capital.

7. His arrival was none too soon. The Mexicans were under arms. The draw-bridges across the marshes that surrounded the city were broken down. On the day after Cortes's return, June 24, 1520, the attack began. For seven days untold thousands of the Mexicans advanced upon the Spanish quarters, fearlessly exposing their naked bodies to the cannon and musketry of their enemies. As thousands were killed, other thousands took their place. In the assault Montezuma was killed by an arrow from his own people. So de-

terminated and continuous was the attack that even Spanish endurance gave way, and at last Cortes determined to retreat. Toward midnight on the first of July he stole out of the city, but in the causeways the enemy suddenly appeared, and during the long hours of the night the conflict continued. Hardly in the history of the world has there been a scene so bloody as that upon the Mexican causeways and lakes upon that memorable night. The rear guard of the Spanish force were enabled to pass over the chasms in the causeways upon a bridge made up of the dead bodies of Mexicans and Spaniards.

8. In the morning Cortes, with a loss of three fourths of his army, continued his retreat. He reached the country of his native allies, where he was kindly received and protected. While lying here, he was informed of the arrival of a Spanish ship at the port of his colony on the coast. This he seized and induced the crew to join him. In the course of a few months he succeeded in capturing three more vessels in the same way, and thus re-enforced he fearlessly advanced again to the attack upon the capital.

9. At length all was ready, and on the 28th of December, 1520, with six hundred Spaniards and sixteen thousand native troops, he set out on his enterprise. For four months he and his lieuten-

ants were engaged in subduing the provinces and cities lying about the capital, and on the 10th of May, 1521, he laid siege to the capital. During all this period there had been a nearly incessant battle, and the people were daily slaughtered by hundreds. When all the causeways were taken, Cortes could not restrain the impatience of his troops, and he ordered a general assault upon the city. Some division of his army succeeded in fighting their way into the streets, but so bravely were they met that at last they were obliged to retreat with a loss of more than one hundred Spanish soldiers, sixty of whom were taken prisoners. These prisoners were, one by one, sacrificed to the gods in sight of their countrymen.

10. After a rest of eight days, active operations again commenced, and the Spaniards slowly gained ground on every side. On August 14th the final assault began, which lasted two days. The Mexicans were driven from street to street, and toward evening of the second day the few survivors, weakened by famine, endeavored to escape by their canoes across the lake. They were pursued and captured, and one of the prisoners was found to be the King Guatimozin, the successor of Montezuma. The Spaniards took possession of a ruined city. The population had been reduced to about forty thousand, and in a few days these

gradually disappeared until there was not left one native in the city.

11. Cortes was successful in accomplishing his objects. With a mere handful of Spaniards he had conquered a country more populous than all Spain. With a force that never exceeded one thousand trained men, he had destroyed the lives of more than one million of human beings. To gratify his greed and his bigotry, the monuments, the cities, and the homes of a great empire were broken up. That he might achieve a name, a race was devoted to destruction. The Mexican people have passed out of existence, or only live as savages in the fastnesses of the mountains. The fame Cortes coveted he achieved; but it is the fame of the wolf that invades the shepherd's fold, of the tiger that gluts himself upon the blood of helpless women and children. History is pitiless, and Cortes lives as one of the most inhuman monsters that ever cumbered the earth.

12. The conquest of Cortes also proved a curse to all who were in any way engaged in it. The great empire of Charles V dissolved, and Spain, having dissipated the proceeds of her robberies, was stricken with delirium and paralysis. Her commerce was broken up, her industries decayed, and she so sunk in physical and spiritual prostration as to become a by-word among nations. The

Spanish people who have settled upon Mexican soil have shared a similar fate. The blood of the slaughtered Aztecs has never ceased to cry from the ground. The homes built over their graves seem haunted still. The government, based upon the wholesale murders of Cortes, has reeled as with tremens for three hundred and fifty years. Nor is the expiation yet ended. The winds from the south come to our ears constantly laden with the notes of intrigue, rebellion, and robbery in that unhappy country, and it is left for the future historian to record what justice at last exacts for the crimes of Cortes.



IV.

FRANCISCO PIZARRO.

1. STIMULATED by the success of Pizarro in his murderous career in Mexico, a multitude of adventurers from Spain flocked to the New World, each urged on by the most insatiable greed, and each governed by a code of morals that exalted the Inquisition and the *auto de fé*. Among those who was ready to engage in any scheme of falsehood, treachery, or murder to secure riches, was Francisco Pizarro. He was born a peasant, and

passed the first years of his life as a swineherd. Joining some of the expeditions which followed the wake of Columbus, he made his way to the New World. After some years of adventure, he came in possession of knowledge of the wonderful country of the Incas, lying upon the great Peruvian plateau, and shut out from the world by the snow-clad ridges and summits of the Andes.

2. Gathering a force of about two hundred



Pizarro and his Men.

men, mail-clad and mounted on powerful horses, Pizarro set out to invade a distant region with a

population of millions. After innumerable hardships his little band emerged from the mountain-passes and made their way to Cuzco, the capital of the Incas. The Spaniards were received by the natives as friends, and quarters were assigned them in large buildings facing the principal square of the city. Food was furnished them in plenty, and they were regarded by the simple natives as supreme beings. Hui, the Inca, and his attendants came to pay the strangers a friendly visit. The person of the Inca, Pizarro determined to secure. Let Prescott tell the remainder of the terrible story :

3. "The clouds of the evening had passed away and the sun rose bright on the following morning, the most remarkable epoch in the annals of Peru. It was Saturday, the 16th of November, 1532. The loud cry of the trumpet called the Spaniards to arms with the first streak of dawn; and Pizarro, briefly acquainting them with the plan of the assault, made the necessary dispositions.

4. "The *plaza* was defended on its three sides by low ranges of buildings, consisting of spacious halls with wide doors or vomitories opening into the square. In these halls he stationed his cavalry in two divisions, one under his brother Hernando, the other under De Soto. The infantry

he placed in another of the buildings, reserving twenty chosen men to act with himself as occasion might require. Pedro de Candia, with a few soldiers and the artillery, comprehending under this imposing name two small pieces of ordnance called falconets, he established in the fortress.

5. "All received orders to wait at their posts till the arrival of the Inca. After his entrance into the great square they were still to remain under cover, withdrawn from observation, till the signal was given by the discharge of a gun, when they were to cry their war-cries, to rush out in a body from their covert, and, putting the Peruvians to the sword, bear off the person of the Inca. Pizarro particularly inculcated order and implicit obedience, that in the hurry of the moment there should be no confusion. Everything depended on their acting with concert, coolness, and celerity.

6. "The chief next saw that their arms were in good order, and that the breast-plates of their horses were garnished with bells to add by their noise to the consternation of the Indians. Refreshments were also liberally provided that the troops should be in condition for the conflict. These arrangements being completed, mass was performed with great solemnity by the ecclesiastics who attended the expedition. The God of battles was invoked to spread his shield over the

soldiers who were fighting to extend the empire of the cross, and all joined with enthusiasm in the chant, 'Rise, O Lord! and judge thine own cause.' One might have supposed them a company of martyrs about to lay down their lives in defense of their faith instead of a licentious band of adventurers meditating one of the most atrocious acts of perfidy on the record of history.

7. "It was noon before the Indian procession was on its march, when it was seen occupying the great causeway for a long extent. In front came a large body of attendants, whose office seemed to be to sweep away every particle of rubbish from the road. High above the crowd appeared the Inca, borne on the shoulders of his principal nobles, while others of the same rank marched by the sides of his litter, displaying such a dazzling show of ornaments on their persons that, in the language of one of the conquerors, 'they blazed like the sun.' But the greater part of the Inca's forces mustered along the fields that lined the road, and were spread over the broad meadows as far as the eye could reach.

8. "It was not long before sunset when the van of the royal procession entered the gates of the city. First came some hundreds of the menials, employed to clear the path from every obstacle, and singing songs of triumph as they came,

‘which in our ears,’ says one of the conquerors, ‘sounded like the songs of hell!’ Then followed other bodies of different ranks and dressed in different liveries. Some wore a showy stuff, checkered white and red like the squares of a chess-board. Others were clad in pure white, bearing hammers or maces of silver or copper; and the guards, together with those in immediate attendance on the prince, were distinguished by a rich azure livery and a profusion of gay ornaments, while the large pendants attached to the ears indicated the Peruvian noble.

9. “Elevated high above his vassals came the Inca Atahualpa, borne on a sedan or open litter, on which was a sort of throne made of massive gold of inestimable value. The palanquin was lined with the richly-colored plumes of tropical birds and studded with shining plates of gold and silver. The monarch’s attire was much richer than on the preceding evening. Round his neck was suspended a collar of emeralds of uncommon size and brilliancy. His short hair was decorated with golden ornaments, and the imperial *borla* encircled his temples. The bearing of the Inca was sedate and dignified, and from his lofty station he looked down on the multitudes below with an air of composure like one accustomed to command.

10. “As the leading lines of the procession en-

tered the great square, larger, says an old chronicler, than any square in Spain, they opened to the right and left for the royal retinue to pass. Everything was conducted with admirable order. The monarch was permitted to traverse the *plaza* in silence, and not a Spaniard was to be seen. When some five or six thousand of his people had entered the place, Atahualpa halted, and, turning round with an inquiring look, demanded, ‘Where are the strangers?’

11. “At this moment Fray Vicente de Valverde, a Dominican friar, Pizarro’s chaplain, and afterward Bishop of Cuzco, came forward with his breviary, or, as other accounts say, a Bible, in one hand and a crucifix in the other, and, approaching the Inca, told him that he came by order of his commander to expound to him the doctrines of the true faith, for which purpose the Spaniards had come from a great distance to his country. The friar then explained, as clearly as he could, the mysterious doctrine of the Trinity, and, ascending high in his account, began with the creation of man, thence passed to his fall, to his subsequent redemption by Jesus Christ, to the crucifixion and the ascension, when the Saviour left the Apostle Peter as his vicegerent upon earth.

12. “This power had been transmitted to the successors of the apostle, good and wise men, who,

under the title of popes, held authority over all powers and potentates on earth. One of the last of these popes had commissioned the Spanish emperor, the most mighty monarch in the world, to conquer and convert the natives in this western hemisphere; and his general, Francisco Pizarro, had now come to execute this important mission. The friar concluded with beseeching the Peruvian monarch to receive him kindly, to abjure the errors of his own faith and embrace that of the Christians now proffered to him, the only one by which he could hope for salvation; and, furthermore, to acknowledge himself a tributary of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, who, in that event, would aid and protect him as his loyal vassal.

13. "The eyes of the Indian monarch flashed fire and his dark brow grew darker as he replied: 'I will be no man's tributary! I am greater than any prince upon earth. Your emperor may be a great prince; I do not doubt it when I see that he has sent his subjects so far across the waters, and I am willing to hold him as a brother. As for the Pope of whom you speak, he must be crazy to talk of giving away countries which do not belong to him. For my faith,' he continued, 'I will not change it. Your own God, as you say, was put to death by the very men whom he created; but mine,' he concluded, pointing to his deity—

then, alas ! sinking in glory behind the mountains — ‘my God still lives in the heavens and looks down on his children.’

14. “He then demanded of Valverde by what authority he had said these things. The friar pointed to the book which he held as his authority. Atahualpa, taking it, turned over the pages a moment; then, as the insult he had received probably flashed across his mind, he threw it down with vehemence and exclaimed: ‘Tell your comrades that they shall give me an account of their doings in my land. I will not go from here till they have made me full satisfaction for all the wrongs they have committed.’

15. “The friar, greatly scandalized by the indignity offered to the sacred volume, stayed only to pick it up, and, hastening to Pizarro, informed him of what had been done, exclaiming at the same time: ‘Do you not see that, while we stand here wasting our breath in talking with this dog, full of pride as he is, the fields are filling with Indians? Set on at once! I absolve you.’ Pizarro saw that the hour had come. He waved a white scarf in the air, the appointed signal. The fatal gun was fired from the fortress. Then, springing into the square, the Spanish captain and his followers shouted the old war-cry of ‘St. Jago and at them!’ It was answered by the battle-cry of

every Spaniard in the city as, rushing from the avenues of the great halls in which they were concealed, they poured into the *plaza*, horse and foot, each in his own dark column, and threw themselves into the midst of the Indian crowd.

16. "The latter, taken by surprise, stunned by the report of artillery and muskets, the echoes of which reverberated like thunder from the surrounding buildings, and blinded by the smoke which rolled in sulphurous volumes along the square, were seized with a panic. They knew not whither to fly for refuge from the coming ruin. Nobles and commoners, all were trampled down under the fierce charge of the cavalry, who dealt their blows right and left without sparing, while their swords, flashing through the thick gloom, carried dismay into the hearts of the wretched natives, who now for the first time saw the horse and his rider in all their terrors. They made no resistance, as, indeed, they had no weapons with which to make it. Every avenue to escape was closed, for the entrance to the square was choked up with the dead bodies of men who had perished in vain efforts to fly; and such was the agony of the survivors under the terrible pressure of their assailants, that a large body of Indians by their convulsive struggles burst through the wall of stone and dried clay which formed part of the

boundary of the *plaza* ! It fell, leaving an opening of more than a hundred paces, through which multitudes now found their way into the country, still hotly pursued by the cavalry, who, leaping the fallen rubbish, hung on the rear of the fugitives, striking them down in all directions.

17. “ Meanwhile the fight, or rather massacre, continued hot around the Inca, whose person was the great object of the assault. His faithful nobles, rallying about him, threw themselves in the way of the assailants, and strove, by tearing them from their saddles, or at least by offering their own bosoms as a mark for their vengeance, to shield their beloved master. It is said by some authorities that they carried weapons concealed under their clothes. If so it availed them little, as it is not pretended that they used them. But the most timid animal will defend itself when at bay. That they did not do so in the present instance is proof that they had no weapons to use. Yet they still continued to force back the cavaliers, clinging to their horses with dying grasp, and, as one was cut down, another taking the place of his fallen comrade with a loyalty truly affecting.

18. “ The Indian monarch, stunned and bewildered, saw his faithful subjects falling round him without hardly comprehending his situation. The

litter on which he rode heaved to and fro as the mighty press swayed backward and forward, and he gazed on the overwhelming ruin like some forlorn mariner, who, tossed about in his bark by the furious elements, sees the lightning's flash and hears the thunder bursting around him with the consciousness that he can do nothing to avert his fate. At length, weary with the work of destruction, the Spaniards, as the shades of evening grew deeper, felt afraid that the royal prize might, after all, elude them, and some of the cavaliers made a desperate effort to end the affray at once by taking Atahualpa's life. But Pizarro, who was nearest his person, called out with stentorian voice, 'Let no one who values his life strike at the Inca,' and, stretching out his arm to shield him, received a wound on the hand from one of his own men—the only wound received by a Spaniard in the action.

19. "The struggle now became fiercer than ever round the royal litter. It reeled more and more, and at length, several of the nobles who supported it having been slain, it was overturned, and the Indian prince would have come with violence to the ground had not his fall been broken by the efforts of Pizarro and some other of the cavaliers, who caught him in their arms. The imperial *borla* was instantly snatched from his tem-

ples by a soldier named Estete, and the unhappy monarch, strongly secured, was removed to a neighboring building, where he was carefully guarded.

20. "All attempt at resistance now ceased. The fate of the Inca soon spread over town and country. The charm which might have held the Peruvians together was dissolved. Every man thought only of his own safety. Even the soldiery encamped on the adjacent fields took alarm, and, learning the fatal tidings, were seen flying in every direction before their pursuers, who in the heat of triumph showed no touch of mercy. At length night, more pitiful than man, threw her friendly mantle over the fugitives, and the scattered troops of Pizarro rallied once more at the sound of the trumpet in the bloody square of Caxamalca."

W. H. Prescott.



V.

THE MAID OF ZARAGOZA.

1. ONE of the worst acts of Napoleon's grasping policy was the manner in which he entrapped the poor, foolish, weak Spanish royal family into his power, and then kept them in captivity and gave

their kingdom to his brother Joseph. The whole Spanish people were roused to resistance by this transfer, and the whole of the peasantry rose as one man to repel this shameful aggression. A long course of bad government had done much to destroy the vigor of the nation, and as soldiers in the open field they were utterly worthless; but still there were high qualities of patience and perseverance among them, and these were never more fully shown than in the defense of Zaragoza, the ancient capital of the kingdom of Aragon.

2. This city stands in an open plain, covered with olive grounds and closed by high mountains. About a mile to the southwest of the city was some high ground called the Torrero, upon which stood a convent, and close beside the city flowed the Ebro, crossed by two bridges, one of which was made of wood and said to be the most beautiful specimen of the kind of fabric in Europe. The water is of a dirty red, but grows clear when it has stood long enough, and is then excellent to drink.

3. There were no regular fortifications, only an old brick wall ten or twelve feet high and three feet thick and often encroached upon by houses. Part of it, however, was of old Roman workmanship, having been built under Augustus, by whom the town was called *Cæsarea Augusta*, a name

since corrupted into Zaragoza. Four of the twelve gates were in this old wall, which was so well built as to put to shame all modern buildings.

4. The houses were generally three stories high, the streets very narrow and crooked, except one long and wide one called the Calle Santa. Zaragoza was highly esteemed as the first seat of Christianity in Spain; indeed, legend declared that St. James the Great had preached there and had a vision of the blessed Virgin, standing upon a marble pillar, and bidding him there build a church in honor of her. The pillar was the great object of veneration in Aragon; and there was a double cathedral, with service performed alternately in the two parts. So much venerated was our Lady of the Pillar, that Pilar became a common name for a girl in the surrounding country.

5. As is well said by Southey, in the fiery trial of the Zaragozans, "the dross and tinsel of their faith disappeared and its pure gold remained." The inhabitants appeared, like most Spaniards since the blight of Philip II.'s policy had fallen on them, dull, apathetic beings, too proud and indolent for exertion, the men smoking cigaritos at their doors, the women only coming out with black silk mantillas over their heads to go to church. The French, on first seizing it with the rest of Spain, thought it the dullest place they

had ever yet entered, and greatly despised the inhabitants.

6. General Lefebvre was sent to quiet the insurrection against the French in Aragon, and on the 13th and 14th of June, 1808, he easily routed the bodies of Spaniards who tried to oppose him. The flying Spanish troops were pursued into Zaragoza by the French cavalry; but here the inhabitants were able from their houses to drive back the enemy. Don José Palafox, a Spanish nobleman, took the command of the garrison, who were only two hundred and twenty soldiers, and endeavored to arm the inhabitants, about sixty thousand in number, and all full of the most determined spirit of resistance to the invaders. He had only sixteen cannon and a few muskets; but fowling-pieces were collected and pikes were forged by all the smiths in the town.

7. The siege began on the 27th of June. The French army was in considerable force and had a great supply of mortars and battering cannon, such as could by their shells and shot rend the poor back city from end to end. The Torrero quickly fell into their hands, and from that height there was a constant discharge of those terrible shells and grenades that burst in pieces as they fall and carry destruction everywhere.

8. Not one building in the city could with-

stand them, and they were fired not at the walls, but into the town. All that could be done was to place beams slanting against the houses so that there might be a shelter under them from the shells. The awnings that sheltered the windows from the summer sun were taken down, sewn up into sacks, and filled with earth, then piled up before the gates with a deep trench dug before them. The houses on the walls were pulled down, and every effort was made to strengthen the defenses, the whole of the lately quiet, lazy population toiling earnestly together in the midst of the deadly shower that was always falling from the *Torrero* and striking down numbers as they worked.

9. The same spirit animated every one. The Countess Bonita, a beautiful young lady, formed the women into an organized company for carrying food, water, and wine to the soldiers on guard and for relieving the wounded. Her courage and perseverance never failed. She was continuously seen in the places most exposed to the enemy's fire, bringing help and refreshment wherever she appeared among the hard-pressed warriors. The nuns became nurses of the sick and wounded and made cartridges, which were carried to the defenders by the children of the place. The monks attended the sick and the dying or else bore arms, feeling that this—the cause of their country, their

king, and their faith—had become to them a holy war.

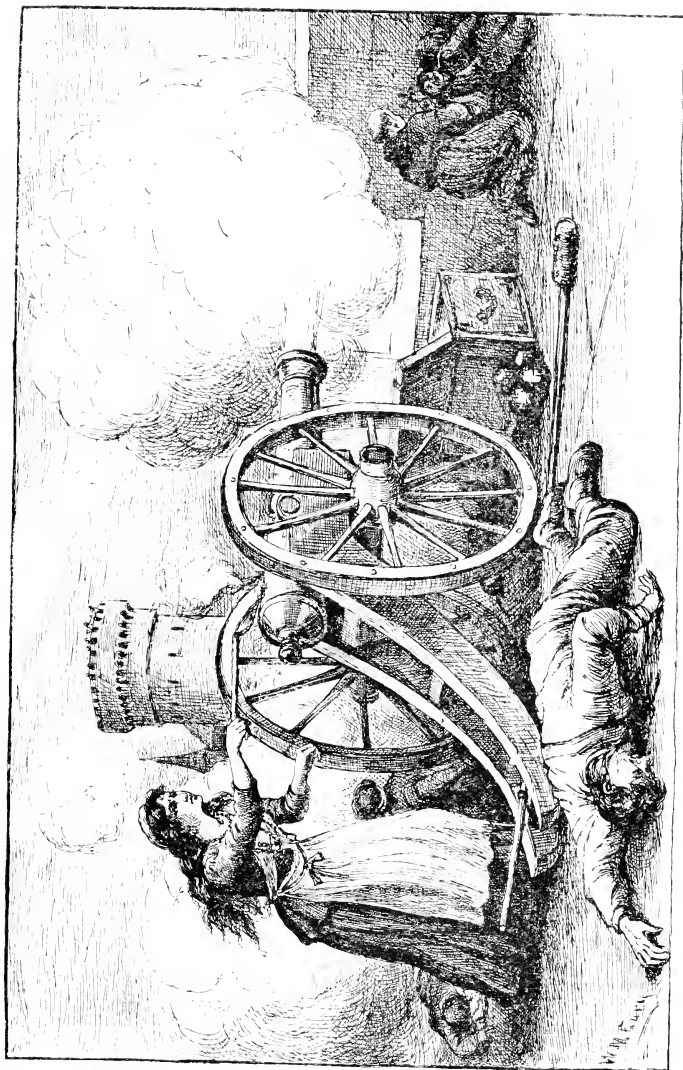
10. Thus men, women, and children alike seemed full of the same loyal spirit; but some traitor must have been among them, for on the night of the 28th the powder-magazine in the center of the town was blown up, destroying fourteen houses and killing two hundred people. At the same time the French appeared before three of the gates and a dreadful fire was opened from the Torrero, shells bursting everywhere among the citizens, who were striving in the dark to dig their friends out of the ruined houses.

11. The worst attack was at the Portillo gate, and it lasted the whole day. The sand-bag defense was frequently destroyed, and under the dreadful shot was as often renewed by the undaunted Spaniards. So dreadful was the carnage that at one moment every man among the defenders lay dead. At that moment one of the women who were carrying refreshments came up. Her name was Augustina Zaragoza. She was a fine-looking woman of two-and-twenty, and was full of determined spirit. She saw the citizens hesitate to step forward to man the defenses when certain death awaited them, and, springing forward, she caught the match from the hand of a dead gunner, fired his twenty-six pounder, and, seating herself

upon it, declared that it was her charge for the rest of the siege; and she kept her word. She was the heroine of the siege where all were heroines.

12. She is generally called the Maid of Zaragoza, but she seems to have been the widow of one of the artillerymen who was here killed, and that she continued to serve the gun not solely as a patriot, but because she thus obtained a right to provisions for her little children, who otherwise might have starved in the famine that began to prevail. If this lessens the romance, it seems to us to add to the beauty and womanliness of Augustina's character, that for the sake of her children she should have run into the hottest of the peril and taken up the work in which her husband had died.

13. Her readiness saved the Portillo for that time; but the attacks were renewed again and again with equal fury and fearful bloodshed. The French general had fancied that he could easily take such an unfortified place, and, finding it so difficult, he had lost his temper, and was thus throwing away his men's lives; but after several such failures he began to invest the city regularly. Gunpowder was failing the besieged until they supplied its place by wonderful ingenuity. All the sulphur of the place was collected, nitre was



"Springing forward, she caught the match from the hand of a dead gunner and fired the twenty-six pounder."

obtained by washing it out of the soil of the streets, and charcoal was prepared by charring the stalks of a very large variety of the hemp which grows in that part of Spain. At the end of forty-six days the city was entirely surrounded, provisions were nearly exhausted, and there was not a single place safe from shot and shell.

14. On the 2d of August a hospital caught fire, and the courage of the women was again shown by their exertions in carrying out the sick and wounded from the flames in spite of the continued shot from the enemy's batteries. On the 4th of August the French opened a battery within pistol shot of one of the gates. The mud walls were leveled at the first discharge, and after a deadly struggle the besiegers forced their way into the convent, and before the end of the day they had gained all of that side of the city up to the main street. General Lefebvre thought that resistance was now over, and summoned Palafox to surrender in a note containing only these words: "Headquarters, St. Engracia. Capitulation." The answer was equally brief: "Headquarters, Zaragoza. War to the knife."

15. There they were, a narrow street only between the besieged and the besiegers! Soon the space was heaped with dead bodies. The French let them lie and fired on the Spaniards whenever

they ventured out to bury them. Upon this Palafox tied ropes to his French prisoners and sent them out to bring in the dead for burial. The manufacture of powder could no longer be carried on; but happily Don Francisco, brother of Palafox, was able to make his way into the city with a convoy of arms and ammunition.

16. Padre Santiago Sass, the curate of one of the parishes of Zaragoza, showed himself one of the bravest of all the brave, fighting at every hazardous point, and then moving about among the sick and the dying to administer the last rites of the Church. No one's heart failed in that eleven days of continuous battle from house to house, from room to room, where the nights were times of more dreadful conflict than the days. Often, under cover of the darkness, a party would rush across the street to seize a battery, and once a Spaniard made his way across and fastened a rope to one of the French guns. It was dragged almost across the street, but the rope broke and it was lost.

17. On the 8th of August the Spaniards saw that soon their last defense in the city would be destroyed, and they resolved to cross the Ebro, blow up the bridge, and defend the suburbs as they had defended the streets. Only an eighth part of the city now remained to them, and on the

13th the enemy's fire was more destructive and constant than ever. The great convent of St. Engracia was blown up, and the whole of the French part of the city glared with flaming houses; but the reports of the batteries gradually ceased, and with the early morning light the garrison beheld the road to Pamplon filled with French troops in full retreat.

18. Their fortitude had won the day. The carnage had ended, and it remained for the survivors to clear the streets from the remains of the deadly strife and to give thanks for their deliverance. In testimony of her courage she was to receive for life the pay of an artilleryman and to wear a little shield of honor embroidered on her sleeve.

Charlotte M. Yonge.

STORIES OF FRANCE.

VI.

THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

1. JEANNE D'ARC was the child of a laborer of Domremy, a little village in the neighborhood of Vaucouleurs, on the borders of Lorraine and Champagne. Just without the cottage where she was born began the great woods of the Volges, where the children of Domremy drank in poetry and legend from fairy-ring and haunted well, hung their floral garlands on the sacred trees, and sang songs to the "good people" who might not drink of the fountain because of their sins. Jeanne loved the forest; its birds and beasts came lovingly to her at her childish call. But at home men saw nothing in her but "a good girl, simple and pleasant in her ways," spinning and sewing by her mother's side while the other girls went to the fields. Tender to the poor and sick, fond of church, and listening to the church-bell with a

dreamy passion of delight which never left her. This quiet life was broken by the storm of war as it at last came home to Domremy. As the outcasts and wounded passed by the little village, the young peasant-girl gave them her bed and nursed them in their sickness. Her whole nature summed itself up in one absorbing passion : she “had pity,” to use the phrase forever on her lip, “on the fair realm of France.” As her passion grew, she recalled old prophecies that a maid from the Lorraine border should save the land. She saw visions. St. Michael appeared to her in a flood of blinding light and bade her go to the help of the king and restore to him his realm. “Messire,” answered the girl, “I am but a poor maiden ; I know not how to ride to the wars or to lead men-at-arms.” The archangel returned to give her courage and to tell her of “the pity” that there was in heaven for the fair realm of France.

2. The girl wept and longed that the angels who appeared to her would carry her away ; but her mission was clear. It was in vain that her father, when he heard of her purpose, swore to drown her ere she should go to the field with men-at-arms. It was in vain that the priest, the wise people of the village, the captain of Vaucouleurs, doubted and refused to aid her. “I must go to the king,” persisted the peasant-girl, “even if I

wear my limbs to the very knees." "I had far rather rest and spin by my mother's side," she pleaded, with a touching pathos, "for this is no work of my choosing; but I must go and do it, for my Lord wills it." "And who," they asked, "is your Lord?" "He is God." Words such as these touched the rough captain at last. He took Jeanne by the hand and swore to lead her to the king. She reached Chinon in the opening of March; but here, too, she found hesitation and doubt. The theologians proved from their books that they ought not to believe her. "There is more in God's book than in yours," Jeanne answered, simply. At last Charles himself received her in the midst of a throng of nobles and soldiers. "Gentle Dauphin," said the girl, "my name is Jeanne the Maid. The heavenly King sends me to tell you that you shall be anointed and crowned in the town of Rheims, and you shall be lieutenant of the heavenly King, who is the King of France."

3. Orleans had already been driven by famine to offers of surrender when Jeanne appeared in the French court, and a force was gathering under the Count of Dunois at Blois for a final effort at its relief. It was at the head of this force that Jeanne placed herself. The girl was in her eighteenth year, tall, finely formed, with all the vigor and activity of her peasant rearing, able to



"The people crowded around her as she rode along."

stay from dawn to nightfall on horseback without meat or drink. As she mounted her charger, clad in white armor from head to foot, with the great white banner studded with fleur-de-lys waving over her head, she seemed "a thing wholly divine, whether to see or hear."

4. The ten thousand men-at-arms who followed her from Blois, rough plunderers whose only prayer was that of La Hire, "Sire Dieu, I pray you to do for La Hire what La Hire would do for you were you captain-at-arms and he God," left off their oaths and foul living at her word and gathered round the altars on their march. Her shrewd peasant humor helped her to manage the wild soldiery, and her followers laughed over their campfires at an old warrior who had been so puzzled by her prohibition of oaths that she suffered him still to swear by his bâton, for in the midst of her enthusiasm her good sense never left her. The people crowded round her as she rode along, praying her to work miracles, and bringing crosses and chaplets to be blessed by her touch. "Touch them yourself," she said to an old Dame Margaret; "your touch will be just as good as mine."

5. But her faith in her mission remained as firm as ever. "The Maid prays and requires you," she wrote to Bedford, "to work no more distraction in France, but to come in her company to

rescue the Holy Sepulchre from the Turk." "I bring you," she told Dunois, when he sallied out of Orleans to meet her after her two days' march from Blois, "I bring you the best aid ever sent to any one, the aid of the King of heaven." The besiegers looked on overawed as she entered Orleans, and, riding round the walls, bade the people shake off their fear of the forts which surrounded them. Her enthusiasm drove the hesitating generals to engage the handful of besiegers, and the enormous disproportion of the forces at once made itself felt.

6. Fort after fort was taken, till only the strongest remained, and then the council of war resolved to adjourn the attack. "You have taken your counsel," replied Jeanne, "and I take mine." Placing herself at the head of the men-at-arms, she ordered the gates to be thrown open, and led them against the fort. Few as they were, the English fought desperately, and the Maid, who had fallen wounded while endeavoring to scale its walls, was borne into a vineyard while Dunois sounded the retreat. "Wait a while," the girl imperiously pleaded; "eat and drink. So soon as my standard touches the wall you shall enter the fort." It touched, and the assailants burst in. On the next day the siege was abandoned, and on the 8th of May the force which had conducted it withdrew in good order to the north.

7. In the midst of her triumph Jeanne still remained the pure, tender-hearted peasant-girl of the Vosges. Her first visit as she entered Orleans was to the great church, and there, as she knelt at mass, she wept in such a passion of devotion that all people wept with her. Her tears burst forth afresh at her first sight of bloodshed and of the corpses strewn over the battle-field. She grew frightened at her first wound, and only threw off the touch of womanly fear when she heard the signal for retreat. But all thought of herself was lost in the thought of her mission. It was in vain that the French generals strove to remain on the Loire. Jeanne was resolute to complete her task, and while the English remained panic-stricken around Paris she besought Charles to march upon Rheims, the old crowning-place of the King of France. Troyes and Chalons submitted as she reached them; Rheims drove out the English garrison and threw open her gates to the king.

8. With the coronation of the Dauphin the Maid felt her errand to be over. "O gentle King, the pleasure of God is done," she cried, as she flung herself at the feet of Charles the Seventh and asked leave to go home. "Would it were his pleasure," she pleaded with the archbishop, as he forced her to remain, "that I might go and keep sheep once more with my sisters and my

brothers; they would be so glad to see me again."

9. The policy of the French court detained her while the cities of the north of France opened their gates to the newly-consecrated king. Bedford, however, who had been left without money or men, had now received reinforcements, and Charles, after a repulse before the walls of Paris, fell back behind the Loire, while the towns on the Oise submitted again to the Duke of Burgundy. In this later struggle Jeanne fought again with her usual bravery, but with the fatal consciousness that her mission was at an end, and during the defense of Compiègne she fell into the hands of the English. To the English her triumphs were victories of sorcery, and after a year's imprisonment she was brought to trial on a charge of heresy before an ecclesiastical court with the Bishop of Beauvais at its head. Throughout the long process which followed, every art was employed to entangle her in her talk; but the simple shrewdness of the peasant-girl foiled the efforts of her judges. "Do you believe," they asked, "that you are in a state of peace?" "If I am not," she replied, "God will put me in it. If I am, God will keep me in it." Her capture, they argued, showed that God had forsaken her. "Since it has pleased God that I should be taken," she an-

swered, meekly, "it is for the best." "Will you submit," they demanded at last, "to the judgment of the Church Militant?" "I have come to the King of France," Jeanne replied, "by commission from God and from the Church Triumphant above. To that church I submit. I had far rather die," she ended, passionately, "than renounce what I have done by my Lord's command." They deprived her of mass. "Our Lord can make me hear it without your aid," she said, weeping. "Do your voices," asked the judges, "forbid you to submit to the Church and Pope?" "Ah, no! Our Lord first served."

10. Sick and deprived of all religious aid, it was no wonder that, as the long trial dragged on and question followed question, Jeanne's firmness wavered. On the charge of sorcery and diabolical possession, she still appealed firmly to God. "I hold to my Judge," she said, as her earthly judges gave sentence against her, "to the King of heaven and earth. God has always been my Lord in all that I have done. The devil has never had power over me." In the eyes of the Church her masculine dress was a crime, and she abandoned it; but a renewed insult forced her to resume the one safeguard left her, and the return to it was treated as a relapse into heresy which doomed her to death. A great pile was raised in the market-

place of Rouen, where her statue stands now. Even the brutal soldiers, who snatched the hated "witch" from the hands of the clergy and hurried her to her doom, were hushed as she reached the stake. One, indeed, passed to her a rough cross he had made from a stick he held, and she clasped it to her bosom. "Oh, Rouen, Rouen," she was heard to murmur, as her eyes ranged over the city from the lofty scaffold, "I have great fear lest you suffer for my death. Yes, my voices were of God!" she suddenly cried as the last moment came. "They have never deceived me!" Soon the flames reached her; the girl's head sank on her breast; there was one cry of "Jesus!" "We are lost," an English soldier muttered as the crowd broke up; "we have burned a saint."

F. R. Green.

VII.

ST. VINCENT DE PAUL.

1. IN the early summer of the year 1605 a coasting-vessel was sailing along the beautiful Gulf of Lyons, the wind blowing gently in the sails, the blue Mediterranean lying glittering to the south, and the curved line of the French shore

rising in purple and green tints, dotted with white towns and villages. Suddenly three light, white-sailed ships appeared in the offing, and the captain's practiced eye detected that the wings that bore them were those of a bird of prey. He knew them for African brigantines, and, though he made all sail, it was impossible to run into a French port, as on they came, not entirely depending on the wind, but, like steamers, impelled by unseen powers within them. Alas! that power was not the force of innocent steam, but the arms of Christian rowers chained to the oar. Sure as the pounce of a hawk upon a partridge was the swoop of the corsairs upon the French vessel. A signal to surrender followed, but the captain boldly refused and armed his crew, bidding them stand to their guns. But the fight was too unequal, the brave little ship was disabled. The pirates boarded her, and, after a sharp fight on deck, three of the crew lay dead, all the rest were wounded, and the vessel was the prize of the pirates. The captain was at once killed in revenge for his resistance, and all the rest of the crew and passengers were put in chains.

2. Among these passengers was a young priest named Vincent de Paul, the son of a farmer in Languedoc, who had used his utmost endeavors to educate his son for the ministry, even selling

the oxen from the plow to provide for the college expenses. A small legacy had just fallen to the young man from a relative who had died at Marseilles. He had been thither to receive it, and had been persuaded by a friend to return home by sea; and this was the result of the pleasant voyage. The legacy was the prey of the pirates, and Vincent, severely wounded by an arrow and heavily chained, lay stifled in a corner of the hold of the ship, a captive probably for life to the enemies of the faith. It was true that France had scandalized Europe by making peace with the Dey of Tunis; but this was a trifle to the corsairs, and when, after seven days' further cruising, they put into the harbor of Tunis, they drew up an account of their capture, calling it a Spanish vessel to prevent the French consul from claiming the prisoners.

3. The captives had the coarse blue-and-white garments of slaves given them, and were walked five or six times through the streets of Tunis by way of exhibition. They were then brought back to their ship, and the purchasers came thither to bargain for them. They were examined at their meals to see if they had good appetites; their sides were felt like those of oxen; their teeth looked at like those of horses; their wounds were searched, and they were made to run and walk to

show the play of their limbs. All this Vincent endured with patient submission, constantly supported by thought of Him who took upon Him the form of a servant for our sakes ; and he did his best, ill as he was, to give his companions the same confidence.

4. Weak and unwell, Vincent was sold cheap to a fisherman ; but in his new service it soon became apparent that the sea made him so ill as to be of no use, so he was sold again to one of the Moorish physicians, the like of whom may still be seen, smoking their pipes sleepily under their white turbans, cross-legged, among the drugs in their shop-windows, these being the small open spaces between the beautiful lace-work of Moorish lattices. The physician was a great chemist and distiller, and for four years had been seeking the philosopher's stone, which was supposed to be the secret of making gold. He found his slave's learning and intelligence so useful that he grew very fond of him and tried hard to persuade him to turn Mohammedan, offering him not only liberty, but the inheritance of all his wealth and the secrets that he had discovered.

5. The Christian priest felt the temptation sufficiently to be always grateful for the grace that had carried him through it. At the end of a year the old doctor died and his nephew sold Vin-

cent again. His next master was a native of Nice, who had not held out against the temptation to renounce his faith in order to avoid a life of slavery, but had become a renegade and had charge of one of the farms of the Dey of Tunis. The farm was on a hillside, in an extremely hot and exposed region, and Vincent suffered much from being there set to field-labor; but he endured all without a murmur.

6. His master had three wives, and one of them, who was of Turkish birth, used often to come out and talk to him, asking him many questions about his religion. Sometimes she asked him to sing, and he would then chant the psalm of the captive Jews, "By the waters of Babylon we sat down and wept," and others of the "songs" of his Zion. The woman at last told her husband that he must have been wrong in forsaking a religion of which her slave had told her such wonderful things. Her words had such an effect on the renegade that he sought the slave, and in conversation with him soon came to a full sense of his own miserable position as an apostate. A change of religion on the part of a Mohammedan is, however, always visited with death both to the convert and his instructor.

7. An Algerine, who was discovered to have become a Christian, was about this time said to

have been walled up at once in the fortification he had been building; and the story has been confirmed by the recent discovery by the French engineers of the remains of a man within a huge block of clay that had taken a perfect cast of his Moorish features and of the surface of his garments, and even had his black hair adhering to it. Vincent's master, terrified at such perils, resolved to make his escape in secret with his slave.

8. It is disappointing to hear nothing of the wife, and not to know whether she would not or could not accompany them. All we know is that master and slave trusted themselves alone to a small bark, and, safely crossing the Mediterranean, landed at Aignes Mortes on the 28th of June, 1607, and that the renegade at once abjured his false faith and soon after entered a brotherhood at Rome, whose office it was to wait on the sick in hospitals.

9. This part of Vincent de Paul's life has been told at length because it shows from what the knights of St. John strove to protect the inhabitants of the coasts. We next find Vincent visiting at a hospital at Paris, where he gave such exceeding comfort to the patients that all with one voice declared him a messenger from Heaven.

10. He afterward became a tutor in the family of the Count de Joigni, a very excellent man, who

was very easily led by him to many good works. M. de Joigni was inspector-general of the "galères," or hulks—the ships in the chief harbors of France, such as Brest and Marseilles, where the convicts, closely chained, were kept at hard labor and often made to toil at the oar like the slaves of the Africans. Going the round of these prison-ships, the horrible state of the convicts, their half-naked misery, and still more their fiendish ferocity, went to the heart of the Count and of the Abbé de Paul; and, with full authority from the inspector, the tutor worked among these wretched beings with such good effect that, on his doings being represented to the King, Louis XIII, he was made almoner-general to the galleys.

11. While visiting those at Marseilles, he was much struck by the broken-down looks and exceeding sorrowfulness of one of the convicts. He entered into conversation with him, and, after many kind words, persuaded him to tell his troubles. His sorrow was far less for his own condition than for the misery to which his absence must needs reduce his wife and children. And what was Vincent's reply to this? His action was so striking that, though in itself it could hardly be safe to propose it as an example, it must be mentioned as the very height of self-sacrifice.

12. He absolutely changed places with the con-

vict. Probably some arrangement was made with the immediate jailor of the gang, who by the exchange of the priest for the convict could make up his full tale of men to show when his numbers were counted. At any rate the prisoner went free and returned to his home, while Vincent wore a convict's chain, did a convict's work, lived on convict fare, and, what was worse, had only convict society. He was soon sought out and released, but the hurts he had received from the pressure of the chain lasted all his life.

13. He never spoke of this event ; it was kept a strict secret, and, once when he had referred to it in a letter to a friend, he became so much afraid that the story would become known that he sent to ask for the letter back again. It was, however, not returned, and it makes the fact certain. It would be a dangerous precedent if prison chaplains were to change places with their charges, and, beautiful as was Vincent's spirit, the act can hardly be justified ; but it should also be remembered that, among the galleys of France, there were then many who had been condemned for resistance to the arbitrary will of Cardinal de Richelieu, men not necessarily corrupt and degraded like the thieves and murderers with whom they were associated. At any rate M. de Joigni did not displace the almoner, and Vincent worked on

the consciences of the convicts with infinitely more force for having been for a time one of themselves. Many and many were won back to penitence, a hospital was founded for them, better regulations established, and for a time both prisons and galleys were wonderfully improved, although only for the lifetime of the good inspector and saintly almoner.

14. He established the order of the Sisters of Charity, the excellent women who have for two hundred years been the prime workers in every charitable task in France, nursing the sick, teaching the young, tending deserted children, ever to be found where there is distress or pain.

15. The redemption of the prisoners in Africa might have secured his first thought, but that he did so much in other quarters. At different times with the alms that he collected, and out of the revenues of his benefices, he ransomed no less than twelve hundred slaves from their captivity. At one time the French Consul at Tunis wrote to him that for a certain sum a large number might be set free, and he raised enough to release not only these but seventy more, and he further wrought upon the king to obtain the consent of the Dey of Tunis that a party of Christian clergy should be permitted to reside in the consul's house and to minister to the souls and bodies of the Christian

slaves, of whom there were six thousand in Tunis alone, besides those in Algiers, Tangier, and Tripoli.

16. Permission was gained, and a mission of Lazarist Brothers arrived. This, too, was an order founded by Vincent, consisting of priestly nurses like the Hospitaliers, though not like them, warriors. They came in the midst of a dreadful visitation of the plague, and nursed and tended the sick, both Christians and Mohammedans, with fearless devotion day and night till they won the honor and love of the Moors themselves.

17. The good Vincent de Paul died in the year 1660, but his Brothers of St. Lazarus and the Sisters of Charity still tread in the paths he marked out for them, and his name scarcely needs the saintly epithet the Church has affixed to it to stand among the most honorable and charitable of men.

Charlotte M. Yonge.



VIII.

WATERLOO.

1. NAPOLEON landed from Elba on the 1st of March, 1815, on the coast near Cannes, and, followed only by a thousand of his guards, he marched over the mountains to Grenoble and Lyons. He

counted, and justly, on the indifference of the country to its new Bourbon rulers, on the longing of the army for a fresh struggle which should restore its glory, and, above all, on the spell of his name over soldiers whom he had so often led to victory. In twenty days from his landing he reached the Tuileries unopposed, while Louis XVIII fled helplessly to Ghent. But whatever hopes he had drawn from the divisions of the allied powers were at once dispelled by their resolute action on the news of his return to France. Their strife was hushed, and their old union restored by the consciousness of a common danger.

2. A declaration adopted instantly by all put Napoleon under the ban of Europe. An engagement to supply a million of men for the purposes of the war and a recall of their armies to the Rhine, gave practical effect to the words of the allies. England furnished subsidies to the amount of eleven millions of pounds to support these enormous hosts, and hastened to place an army on the frontier of the Netherlands.

3. The best troops of the force which had been employed in the Peninsula, however, were still across the Atlantic, and of the eighty thousand men who gathered round Wellington only about half were Englishmen, the rest principally raw levies from Belgium and Hanover. The Duke's

plan was to unite with the one hundred and fifty thousand Prussians under Marshal Blucher, who



Wellington.

were advancing on the Lower Rhine, and to enter France by Bons and Namur, while the forces of Austria and Russia closed in upon Paris by way of Belfort and Elsass.

4. Napoleon threw aside all thoughts of a defensive war. By amazing efforts he raised an army of

two hundred and fifty thousand men in the three months since his arrival at Paris, and in the opening of June one hundred and twenty thousand Frenchmen were concentrated on the Sambre, while Wellington's troops still lay on the line of the Scheldt, and Blucher's on that of the Meuse. Both the allied armies hastened to unite, but their junction was nearly impossible. Blucher with eighty thousand men was himself attacked on the 16th by Napoleon at Ligny, and after a desperate contest was driven back with terrible loss.

5. On the same day Ney, with twenty thou-

sand men and about the same number in reserve, appeared before Quatre Bras, where as yet only ten thousand English and the same force of Belgian troops had been able to assemble. The Belgians broke before the charges of the French horse; but the dogged resistance of the English infantry gave time for Wellington to bring up corps after corps, till at the close of day Ney saw himself heavily outnumbered, and withdrew baffled from the field.

6. About five thousand men had fallen on either side in this fierce engagement; but, heavy as was Wellington's loss, the forerunners of the English army had already done much to foil Napoleon's effort at breaking through the lines of the allies. Blucher's retreat, however, left the English flank uncovered, and on the following day Wellington, with nearly seventy thousand men, withdrew in good order upon Waterloo, followed by the mass of the French forces under the Emperor himself.

7. Napoleon had detached Marshal Grouchy with thirty thousand men to hang upon the rear of the beaten Prussians, while with a force of eighty thousand men he resolved to bring Wellington to battle. On the morning of the 18th of June the two armies faced each other on the field of Waterloo. Napoleon's one fear had been that of con-

tinued retreat. "I have them!" he cried, as he saw the English line drawn up on a low rise of ground which stretched across the high-road. He had some grounds for his confidence of success.

8. On either side the forces numbered between seventy and eighty thousand men; but the French were superior in guns and cavalry, and a considerable portion of Wellington's force consisted of Belgian levies, who broke and fled at the outset of the fight. A fierce attack upon the English right opened the battle at eleven, but it was not until midday that the French advanced upon the center, which from that time bore the main brunt of the struggle.

9. Never has greater courage, whether of attack or endurance, been shown upon any field than was shown by both columns at Waterloo. The advanced corps of the French, repulsed by the English foot, were hurled back in disorder by a charge of the Scotch Grays; but the victorious horsemen were crushed in their turn by the French cuirassiers, and the mass of the French cavalry, twelve thousand strong, flung itself in charge after charge on the English front, carrying the English guns and sweeping with desperate bravery round the unbroken squares, whose fire thinned their ranks. With equal bravery the French columns of the center again advanced, wrested at last the

form of La Haye Sainte from their opponents, and pushed on vigorously, though in vain, under Ney against the troops in the rear.

10. Terrible as was the English loss—and many of the regiments were reduced to a mere handful of men—Wellington stubbornly held his ground, while the Prussians, advancing as they promised from Havre through deep and miry forest-roads, were slowly gathering to his support, disregarding the attack in their rear, by which Grouchy strove to hold them back from the field. At half-past four their advanced guard deployed at last from the woods ; but the main body was still far behind, and Napoleon was able to hold his ground against them till their increasing masses forced him to stake all on a desperate effort against the English front.

11. The Imperial Guard, his only reserve, and which as yet had taken no part in the battle, was drawn up at seven in two columns of attack. The first, with Ney himself at its head, swept all before it as it mounted the rise beside La Haye Sainte, on which the thin English line still held its ground, and all but touched the English front when its mass, torn by the terrible fire of musketry with which it was secured, gave way before the charge of the English guards.

12. The second, three thousand strong, ad-

vanced with the same courage upon the right, only to be repulsed and shattered in the same way. At the moment when these masses, broken but still unconquered, fell slowly and doggedly back down the field-rise, the Prussians pushed forward some forty thousand men on Napoleon's right. Their guns swept the field, and Wellington seized the moment for a general advance.

13. From that moment all was lost to the great conqueror of Europe. Only the Old Guard stood firm in the wreck of the French army, and nothing but night and exhaustion checked the English in their pursuit of the broken masses who hurried from the field. The Prussian horse continued the chase through the night, and only forty thousand Frenchmen with some thirty guns recrossed the Sambre. Napoleon fled hurriedly to Paris, and his second abdication was followed by the triumphant entry of the English and Prussian armies into the French capital.

THE EVE BEFORE WATERLOO.

1. There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered then
Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave
men.

A thousand hearts beat happily ; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake
again,
And all went merry as a marriage-bell.
But, hush ! hark ! a deep sound strikes like a
rising knell !

2. Did ye not hear it ?—No ; 'twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street.
On with the dance ! let joy be unconfined ;
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure
meet
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet !
But, hark ! that heavy sound breaks in once
more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat ;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before !
Arm ! arm ! it is—it is the cannon's opening
roar !

3. Ah ! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness ;
And there were sudden partings, such as
press

The life from out young hearts, and choking
sighs

Which ne'er might be repeated; who could
guess

If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn
could rise!

4. And there was mounting in hot haste; the
steed,

The mustering squadron, and the clattering
car,

Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;

And near, the beat of the alarming drum

Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering with white lips, "The foe!
They come! they come!"

5. And Ardennes waves above them her green
leaves,

Dewy with Nature's tear-drops, as they pass,
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave—alas!

Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass

Of living valor, rolling on the foe,
And burning with high hope, shall molder cold
and low.

6. Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay ;
The midnight brought the signal-sound of
strife—
The morn, the marshaling in arms—the day,
Battle's magnificently stern array !
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when
rent
The earth is covered thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and
pent,
Rider and horse—friend, foe—in one red burial
blent !

Byron.

STORIES OF CENTRAL EUROPE.

IX.

A LEGEND OF BREGENZ.

1. GIRT round with rugged mountains
The fair Lake Constance lies ;
In her blue heart reflected,
Shine back the starry skies ;
And watching each white cloudlet
Float silently and slow,
You think a piece of heaven
Lies on our earth below !
2. Midnight is there ; and silence,
Enthroned in heaven, looks down
Upon her own calm mirror,
Upon a sleeping town ;
For Bregenz, that quaint city
Upon the Tyrol shore,
Has stood above Lake Constance,
A thousand years and more.

3. Her battlements and towers
 Upon this rocky steep,
 Have cast their trembling shadow
 For ages on the deep ;
 Mountain, and lake, and valley,
 A sacred legend know,
 Of how the town was saved one night,
 Three hundred years ago.
4. Far from her home and kindred,
 A Tyrol maid had fled,
 To serve in the Swiss valleys,
 And toil for daily bread ,
 And every year that fled
 So silently and fast,
 Seemed to bear farther from her
 The memory of the past.
5. She served kind, gentle masters,
 Nor asked for rest or change ;
 Her friends seemed no more new ones,
 Their speech seemed no more strange ;
 And when she led the cattle
 To pasture every day,
 She ceased to look and wonder
 On which side Bregenz lay.
6. She spoke no more of Bregenz
 With longing and with tears ;

Her Tyrol home seemed faded
In a deep mist of years ;
She heeded not the rumors
Of Austrian war or strife ;
Each day she rose contented
To the calm toils of life.

7. Yet, when her master's children
Would clustering round her stand,
She sang them the old ballads
Of her own native land ;
And when at morn and evening
She knelt before God's throne,
The accents of her childhood
Rose to her lips alone.
8. And so she dwelt ; the valley,
More peaceful year by year,
When suddenly strange portents
Of some great deed seemed near.
The golden corn was bending
Upon its fragile stalk,
While farmers, heedless of their fields,
Paced up and down in talk.
9. The men seemed stern and altered,
With looks cast on the ground ;
With anxious faces, one by one,
The women gathered round ;

All talk of flax, or spinning,
Or work, was put away ;
The very children seemed afraid
To go alone to play.

10. One day, out in the meadow,
With strangers from the town,
Some secret plan discussing,
The men walked up and down.
Yet, now and then seemed watching
A strange uncertain gleam,
That looked like lances 'mid the trees,
That stood below the stream.

11. At eve they all assembled,
All care and doubt were fled ;
With jovial laugh they feasted,
The board was nobly spread.
The elder of the village
Rose up, his glass in hand,
And cried, " We drink the downfall
Of an accursed land !

12. " The night is growing darker,
Ere one more day is flown,
Bregenz, our foemen's stronghold,
Bregenz shall be our own ! "
The women shrank in terror
(Yet Pride, too, had her part),

But one poor Tyrol maiden
Felt death within her heart.

13. Before her stood fair Bregenz,
Once more her towers rose !
What were her friends beside her ?
Only her country's foes !
The faces of her kinsfolk,
The days of childhood flown,
The echoes of her mountains,
Reclaimed her as their own !
14. Nothing she heard around her
(Though shouts rang forth again),
Gone were the green Swiss valleys,
The pasture, and the plain ;
Before her eyes one vision,
And in her heart one cry,
That said, "Go forth, save Bregenz,
And then, if need be, die !"
15. With trembling haste and breathless,
With noiseless step she sped ;
Horses and weary cattle
Were standing in the shed ;
She loosed the strong white charger,
That fed from out her hand,
She mounted and she turned his head
Toward her native land.

16. Out—out into the darkness—
Faster, and still more fast ;
The smooth grass flies behind her,
The chestnut woods are passed !
She looks up ; clouds are heavy ;
Why is her steed so slow ?
Scarcely the wind beside them,
Can pass them as they go.
17. “Faster !” she cries, “oh, faster !”
Eleven the church-bells chime ;
“O God !” she cries, “help Bregenz,
And bring me there in time !”
But louder than bells’ ringing,
Or lowing of the kine,
Grows nearer in the midnight
The rushing of the Rhine.
18. Shall not the roaring waters
Their headlong gallop check ?
The steed draws back in terror,
She leans upon his neck
To watch the flowing darkness,
The bank is high and steep ;
One pause—he staggers forward,
And plunges in the deep.
19. She strives to pierce the blackness,
And looser throws the rein ;



*"And out come serf and soldier
To meet the news she brings."*

Her steed must breast the waters
That dash above his mane.
How gallantly, how nobly,
He struggles through the foam,
And see—in the far distance—
Shine out the lights of home !

20. Up the steep bank he bears her,
And now they rush again
Toward the heights of Bregenz,
That tower above the plain.
They reach the gate of Bregenz
Just as the midnight rings,
And out come serf and soldier
To meet the news she brings.
21. Bregenz is saved ! Ere daylight
Her battlements are manned !
Defiance greets the army
That marches on the land.
And if to deeds heroic
Should endless fame be paid,
Bregenz does well to honor
The noble Tyrol maid.
22. Three hundred years are vanished,
And yet upon the hill
An old stone gateway rises,
To do her honor still.

And there, when Bregenz women
Sit spinning in the shade,
They see in quaint old carving
The charger and the maid.

23. And when, to guard old Bregenz,
By gateway, street, and tower,
The warder paces all night long,
And calls each passing hour:
“Nine,” “ten,” “eleven,” he cries aloud,
And then (oh, crown of Fame!),
When midnight pauses in the skies,
He calls the maiden’s name !

Adelaide Proctor.



X.

THE TROUBLESOME BURGHERS.

1. PHILIP VAN ARTEVELDE was a Dutchman. He lived and died in the fourteenth century, when feuds were rife, and great walls were built about the cities to keep out meddlesome and marauding neighbors. Philip’s father, Jacob, a popular and influential leader, had been Governor of Ghent, and had made himself a great name by leading a revolt against the Count of Flanders, and driving

that tyrant out of the country on one occasion. Philip was a quiet man, who attended to his own affairs and took no part in public business; but in the year 1381 the good people of Ghent found themselves in a very great difficulty. Their city was subject to the Count of Flanders, who oppressed them in every way. He and his nobles thought nothing of the common people, but taxed them heavily and interfered with their business. The city of Bruges was the rival of Ghent, and in those days rivals in trade were enemies. The Bruges people were not satisfied with trying to make more money and get more business than Ghent could, but they wanted Ghent destroyed, and so they supported Count Louis in all that he did to injure their neighboring city.

2. Having this quarrel on their hands, the Ghent people did not know what to do. Count Louis was too strong for them, and they were very much afraid he would destroy their town and put the people to death.

3. A public meeting was held, and, remembering how well old Jacob Van Artevelde had served them against the father of Count Louis, they made his son Philip their captain, and told him he must manage this quarrel for them.

4. Philip undertook this duty, and tried to settle the trouble in some peaceable way; but the

Count was angry, and would not listen to anything that Van Artevelde proposed. He said the Ghent people were rebels, and must submit without any conditions at all, and this the sturdy Ghent burghers refused to do.

5. Count Louis would not march against the town and give the people a fair chance to fight the matter out. He preferred to starve them, and for that purpose he put soldiers on all the roads leading toward Ghent, and refused to allow any provisions to be taken to the city.

6. The people soon ate up nearly all the food they had, and when the spring of 1382 came they were starving. Something must be done at once, and Philip Van Artevelde decided that it was of no use to resist any longer. He took twelve deputies with him, and went to beg the Count for mercy. He offered to submit to any terms the Count might propose, if he would only promise not to put any of the people to death. Philip even offered himself as a victim, agreeing that the Count should banish him from the country as a punishment, if he would spare the people of the town. But the haughty Count would promise nothing. He said that all the people of Ghent, from fifteen to sixty years old, must march half-way to Bruges bare-headed, with no clothes on but their shirts, and each with a rope around his neck, and then he

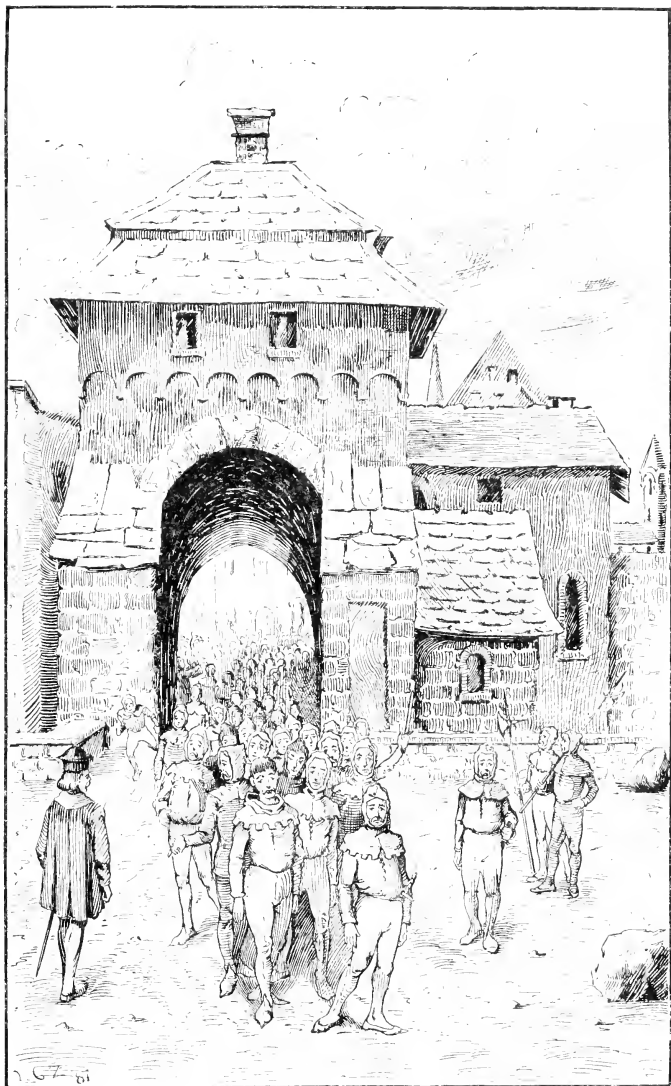
would decide how many of them he would put to death and how many he would spare.

7. The Count thought the poor Ghent people would have to submit to this, and he meant to put them all to death when they should thus come out without arms to surrender. He therefore called on his vassals to meet him in Bruges at Easter, and to go out with him to "destroy these troublesome burghers."

8. But the "troublesome burghers," as we shall see presently, were not the kind of men to walk out bare-headed, with ropes around their necks, and submit to destruction.

9. Philip Van Artevelde returned sadly to Ghent on the 29th of April, and told the people what the Count had said. Then the gallant old soldier, Peter van den Bossche, exclaimed: "In a few days the town of Ghent shall be the most honored or the most humbled town in Christendom."

10. Van Artevelde called the burghers together, and told them what the situation was. There were thirty thousand people in Ghent, and there was no food to be had for them. There was no hope that the Count would offer any better terms, or that anybody would come to their assistance. They must decide quickly what they would do, and Philip said there were three



The march from Ghent.

courses open to them. First, if they chose, they could wall up the gates of the town and die of starvation. Secondly, they could accept the Count's terms, march out with ropes around their necks, and take whatever punishment the Count might put upon them. If they should decide to do that, Philip said he would offer himself to the Count to be hanged first. Thirdly, they could get together five thousand of their best men, march to Bruges, and fight the quarrel out.

11. The answer of the people was that Philip must decide for them, and he at once said, "Then we will fight." The five thousand men were got together, and on the 1st of May they marched out of the town to win or lose the desperate battle. The priests of the city stood at the gates as the men marched out, and prayed for blessings upon them. The old men, the women, and the children cried out: "If you lose the battle you need not return to Ghent, for you will find your families dead in their homes."

12. The only food there was for these five thousand men was carried in five little carts, while on another cart two casks of wine were taken.

13. The next day Van Artevelde placed his little army in line on the common of Beverhoutsveld, at Oedelem, near Bruges. There was a

marsh in front of them, and Van Artevelde protected their flank by a fortification consisting of the carts and some stakes driven into the ground. He then sent a messenger to the Count, begging him to pardon the people of Ghent, and, having done this, he ordered his men to go to sleep for the night.

14. At daybreak the next morning the little army was aroused to make final preparations for the desperate work before them. The priests exhorted the men to fight to the death, showing them how useless it would be to surrender or to run away, as they were sure to be put to death at any rate. Their only hope for life was in victory, and, if they could not win that, it would be better to die fighting like men than to surrender and be put to death like dogs.

15. After these exhortations were given, seven gray friars said mass, and gave the sacrament to all the soldiers. Then the five cart-loads of provisions and the two casks of wine were divided among the men for their last breakfast. When that meal was eaten, the soldiers of Ghent had not an ounce of food left anywhere.

16. Meanwhile the Count called his men together in Bruges, and got them ready for battle; but the people of Bruges were so sure of easily destroying the little Ghent army that they would

not wait for orders, but marched out shouting and singing and making merry.

17. As their column marched along the road in this noisy fashion, the “troublesome burghers” of Ghent suddenly sprang upon them, crying “Ghent! Ghent!” The charge was so sudden and so fierce that the Bruges people gave way and fled in a panic toward the town, with Van Artevelde’s men at their heels in hot pursuit. The Count’s regular troops tried to make a stand, but the burghers of Ghent came upon them so furiously that they became panic-stricken and fled. The Count himself ran with all his might, and as soon as he entered the city he ordered the gates to be shut. He was so anxious to save himself from the fury of Van Artevelde’s soldiers that he wanted to close the gates at once and leave those of his own people who were still outside to their fate. But it was already too late. Van Artevelde’s column had followed the retreating crowd so fast that it had already pushed its head into the town, and there was no driving it back.

18. The five thousand “troublesome burghers,” with their swords in their hands, and still crying “Ghent!” swarmed into Bruges, and quickly took possession of the town. The Count’s army was utterly routed and scattered, and the Count himself would have been taken prisoner if one of

the Ghent burghers had not hidden him and helped him to escape from the city. Van Artevelde's soldiers, who had eaten the last of their food that morning in the belief that they would never eat another meal on earth, supped that night on the richest dishes that Bruges could supply; and, now that the Count was overthrown, great wagon-trains of provisions poured into poor, starving Ghent.

19. There was a great golden dragon on the bellfry of Bruges, of which the Bruges people were very proud. That dragon had once stood on the church of St. Sophia, in Constantinople, and the Emperor Baldwin had sent it as a present to Bruges. In token of the victory, Van Artevelde's "troublesome burghers" took down the golden dragon and carried it to Ghent.

George Cary Eggleston.



XI.

MARLBOROUGH AT BLENHEIM.

1. Upon his appointment, Marlborough hastened to the Hague, received the command of the Dutch as well as of the English forces, and drew

the German powers into the confederacy with a skill and adroitness which even William (William III) might have envied. Never was greatness more quickly recognized than in the case of Marlborough. In a few months he was regarded by all as the guiding spirit of the alliance, and princes whose jealousy had worn out the patience of William yielded without a struggle to the counsels of his successor. The temper, indeed, of Marlborough, fitted him in an especial way to be the head of a great confederacy. Like William, he owed little of his power to any early training. The trace of his neglected education was seen to the last in his reluctance to write. "Of all things," he said to his wife, "I do not love writing." To pen a dispatch, indeed, was a far greater trouble to him than to plan a campaign. But Nature had given him qualities which in other men spring specially from culture.

2. His capacity for business was immense. During the next ten years he assumed the general direction of the war in Flanders and in Spain. He managed every negotiation with the courts of the allies. He watched over the shifting phases of English politics. He had to cross the Channel to win over Anne to a change in the cabinet, or to hurry to Berlin to secure the due contingent of Electoral troops from Brandenburg. At the same

moment he was reconciling the Emperor with the Protestants of Hungary, stirring the Calvinists of the Cevennes into revolt, arranging the affairs of Portugal, and providing for the protection of the Duke of Savoy. But his air showed no trace of fatigue, or haste, or vexation. He retained to the last the indolent grace of his youth. His natural dignity was never ruffled by an outbreak of temper. Amid the storm of battle men saw him "without fear of danger, or in the least hurry, giving his orders with all the calmness imaginable."

3. In the cabinet he was as cool as on the battle field. He met with the same equable serenity the pettishness of the German princes, the phlegm of the Dutch, the ignorant opposition of his officers, and the libels of his political opponents. There was a touch of irony in the simple expedients by which he sometimes solved problems which had baffled cabinets. The King of Prussia was one of the most vexatious among the allies, but all difficulty with him ceased when Marlborough rose at a state banquet and handed to him a napkin.

4. As a statesman the high qualities of Marlborough were owned by his bitterest foes. "Over the confederacy," says Bolingbroke, "he, a new, a private man, acquired by merit and management a more decided influence than high birth, confirmed

authority, and even the crown of Great Britain had given to King William." But, great as he was in the council, he was even greater in the field. He stands alone among the masters of the art of war as a captain whose victories began at an age when the work of most men is done. Though he served as a young officer under Turenne and for a few months in Ireland and the Netherlands, he had held no great command till he took the field in Flanders at the age of fifty-two. He stands alone, too, in his unbroken good fortune. Voltaire notes that he never besieged a fortress which he did not take, or fought a battle which he did not win.

5. In spite of victories on the Danube, the blunders of his adversaries on the Rhine, and the sudden aid of an insurrection which broke out in Hungary, the difficulties of Louis XIV were hourly increasing. The accession of Savoy to the grand alliance threatened his armies in Italy with destruction. That of Portugal gave the allies a base of operations against Spain. His energy, however, rose with the pressure, and while the Duke of Berwick was dispatched against Portugal, and three small armies closed round Savoy, the flower of the French troops joined the army of Bavaria on the Danube, for the bold plan of Louis was to decide the fortunes of the war by a victory which would

wrest peace from the empire under the walls of Vienna.

6. The master-stroke of Louis roused Marlborough at the opening of 1704 to a master-stroke in return; but the secrecy and boldness of the Duke's plans deceived both his enemies and his allies. The French army in Flanders saw in his march upon Mentz only a transfer of the war into Alsace. The Dutch were lured into suffering their troops to be drawn as far from Flanders as Coblenz by proposals of a campaign on the Moselle. It was only when Marlborough crossed the Neckar and struck through the heart of Germany for the Danube that the true aim of his operations was revealed.

7. After struggling through the hill-country of Würtemberg, he joined the imperial army under the Prince of Baden, stormed the heights of Donauwörth, crossed the Danube and the Lech, and penetrated into the heart of Bavaria. The crisis drew the two armies which were facing each other on the Upper Rhine to the scene. The arrival of Marshal Tallard with thirty thousand French troops saved the Elector of Bavaria for the moment from the need of submission. But the junction of his opponent Prince Eugene, the commander of the Austrian army, with Marlborough raised the contending forces again to an equality; and

after a few marches the armies met on the north bank of the Danube near the little town of Höchstädt and the village of Blenheim, which have given their names to the battle.

8. In one respect the struggle which followed stands unrivaled in history, for the whole of the Teutonic race was represented in the strange medley of Englishmen, Dutchmen, Hanoverians, Danes, Würtembergers, and Austrians, who followed Marlborough and Eugene. The French and Bavarians, who numbered, like their opponents, some fifty thousand men, lay behind a little stream which ran through some swampy ground to the Danube. The position was a strong one, for its front was covered by the swamp, its right by the Danube, its left by the hill-country in which the stream rose, and Tallard had not only entrenched himself but was far superior to his rival in artillery. But for once Marlborough's hands were free. "I have great reason," he wrote calmly home, "to hope that everything will go well, for I have the pleasure to find all the officers willing to obey without knowing any other reason than that it is my desire, which is very different from what it was in Flanders, where I was obliged to have the consent of a council of war for everything I undertook."

9. So formidable were the obstacles, however,

that, though the allies were in motion at sunrise on the 2d of August, it was not till midday that Eugene, who commanded on the right, succeeded in crossing the stream. The English foot at once forded it on the left and attacked the village of Blenheim, in which the bulk of the French infantry were intrenched, but after a furious struggle the attack was repulsed, while as gallant a resistance at the other end of the line held Eugene in check. The center, however, which the French believed to be unassailable, had been chosen by Marlborough for the chief point of attack, and by making an artificial road across the morass he was at last enabled to throw his eight thousand horsemen on the French horse which lay covered by it. Two desperate charges which the Duke headed in person decided the day. The French center was flung back on the Danube and forced to surrender. Their left fell back in confusion on Höchstädt; their right, cooped up in Blenheim and cut off from retreat, became prisoners of war.

10. Of the defeated army only twenty thousand escaped. Twelve thousand were slain, fourteen thousand were captured. Germany was finally freed from the French, and Marlborough, who followed the wreck of the French host in its flight to Alsace, soon made himself master of the Lower Moselle. But the loss of France could not be

measured by men or fortresses. A hundred victories since Rocroi had taught the world to regard the French army as invincible when Blenheim and the surrender of the French soldiery broke the spell. From that moment the terror of victory passed to the side of the allies, and "Malbrook" became a name of fear to every child in France.

Green.

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.

11. It was a summer evening—
 Old Kaspar's work was done,
 And he before his cottage-door
 Was sitting in the sun ;
 And by him sported on the green
 His little grandchild, Wilhelmine.
12. She saw her brother Peterkin
 Roll something large and round,
 Which he beside the rivulet,
 In playing there, had found ;
 He came to ask what he had found,
 That was so large, and smooth, and round.
13. Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
 Who stood expectant by ;
 And then the old man shook his head,
 And with a natural sigh—
 "'Tis some poor fellow's skull," said he,
 "Who fell in that great victory.

14. "I find them in the garden,
For there's many hereabout ;
And often when I go to plow,
The plowshare turns them out ;
For many thousand men," said he,
"Were slain in that great victory."
15. "Now tell us what 'twas all about,"
Young Peterkin he cries ;
And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes—
"Now tell us all about the war,
And what they fought each other for."
16. "It was the English," Kaspar cried,
"Who put the French to rout ;
But what they fought each other for
I could not well make out ;
But everybody said," quoth he,
"That 'twas a famous victory."
17. "My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream hard by ;
They burned his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly ;
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.
18. "With fire and sword the country round
Was wasted far and wide ;

And many a childing mother there,
And new-born baby died;
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory.

19. "They say it was a shocking sight
After the field was won—
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun;
But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory.
20. "Great praise the Duke of Marlborough won,
And our good Prince Eugene."
"Why, 'twas a very wicked thing!"
Said little Wilhelmine.
"Nay, nay, my little girl!" quoth he,
"It was a famous victory.
21. "And everybody praised the Duke
Who this great fight did win."
"But what good came of it at last?"
Quoth little Peterkin.
"Why, that I can not tell," said he;
"But 'twas a famous victory."

Robert Southey.

XII.

A WINTER CAMPAIGN.

1. Nearly all the countries in Europe were making war upon France in 1795. The French people had set up a republic, and all the kingdoms round about were trying to make them submit to a king again. This had been going on for several years, and sometimes it looked as though the French would be beaten in spite of their brave struggles to keep their enemies back and manage their own affairs in their own way.

2. At one time everything went against the French. Their armies were worn out with fighting, their supply of guns had run short, they had no powder, and their money matters were in so bad a state that it seemed hardly possible for France to hold out any longer. In the mean time, England, Austria, Spain, Holland, Piedmont, and Prussia, besides many of the small German states, had joined together to fight France, and their armies were on every side of her.

3. A country in such a state as that, with so many powerful enemies on every side, might well have given up; but the French are a brave people, and they were fighting for their liberties.

Instead of giving up in despair, they set to work with all their might to carry on the war.

4. The first thing to be done was to raise new armies, and so they called for men, and the men came forward in great numbers from every part of the country. In a little while they had more men to make soldiers of than had ever before been brought together in France. But this was only a beginning. The men were not yet trained soldiers, and even if they had been they had no guns and no powder; no clothing was to be had, and there was very little food for them to eat. Still the French did not despair. Knowing that there would not be time enough to train the new men, they put some of their old soldiers in each regiment of new ones, so that the new men might learn from the veterans how to march and how to fight.

5. In the mean time they had set up armories, and were making guns as fast as they could. Their greatest trouble was about powder. They had chemists who knew how to make it, but they had no niter to make it of, and did not know at first how to get any. At last one of their chemists said that there was some niter—from a few ounces to a pound or two—in the earth of every cellar floor; and that, if all the niter in all the cellar floors of France could be collected, it would be enough to make plenty of powder.

6. But how to get the niter was a question. The cellar floors must be dug up, the earth must be carefully passed through a course of chemical treatment in order to get the niter free from earth and from all other things with which it was mixed. It would take many days for a chemist to extract the niter from the earth of a single cellar, and then he would get only a pound or two of it at most.

7. It did not seem likely that much could be done in this way, but all the people were anxious to help, and so the cry went up from every part of the country, "Send us chemists to teach us how and we will do the work and get the niter ourselves." This was quickly done. All the chemists were set at work teaching the people how to get a little niter out of a great deal of earth, and then every family went to work. In a little while the niter began to come to the powder factories. Each family sent its little parcel of the precious salt as a free gift to the country. Some of them were so proud and glad of the chance to help that they dressed their little packages of niter in ribbons of the national colors, and wrote patriotic words upon them. Each little parcel held only a few ounces, or at most a pound or two, of the white salt; but the parcels came in by tens of thousands, and in a few weeks

there were hundreds of tons of niter at the powder-mills.

8. As soon as there was powder enough the new armies began to press their enemies, and, during the summer and fall of 1794, they steadily drove them back. When they met the foes in battle they always forced them to give way. They charged upon forts and took them at the point of the bayonet; cities and towns everywhere fell into their hands, and by the time that winter set in they were so used to winning battles that nothing seemed too hard for them to undertake.

9. But the French soldiers were in a very bad condition to stand the cold of winter. One great army under General Pichegru, which had driven the English and Dutch far into the Netherlands, was really almost naked. The shoes of the soldiers were worn out, and so they had to wrap their feet in wisps of straw to keep them from freezing. Many of the men had not clothing enough to cover their nakedness, and, for decency's sake, had to plait straw into mats, which they wore around their shoulders like blankets.

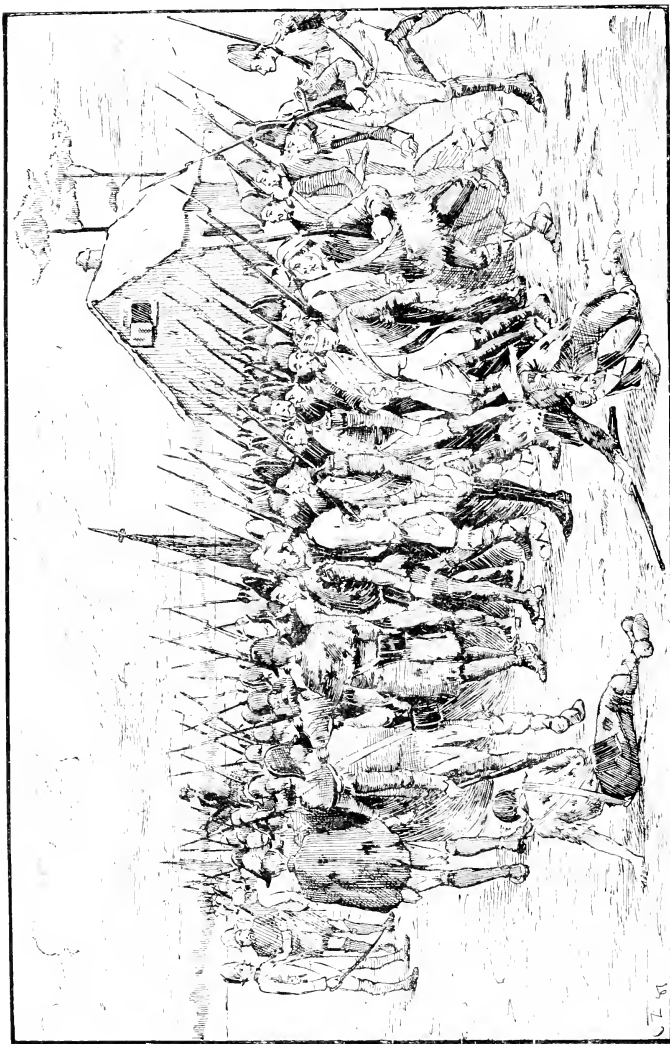
10. They had no tents to sleep in, but, nearly naked as they were, had to lie down in the snow or on the hard frozen ground, and sleep as well as they could in the bitter winter weather. There

never was an army more in need of a good rest in winter quarters, and, as two great rivers lay in front of them, it seemed impossible to do anything more until spring. The English and Dutch were already safely housed for the winter, feeling perfectly sure that the French could not cross the rivers or march in any direction until the beginning of the next summer.

11. The French generals, therefore, put their men into the best quarters they could get for them, and the poor, half-naked, barefooted soldiers were glad to think that their work for that year was done.

12. Day by day the weather grew colder. The ground was frozen hard, and ice began running in the rivers. After a little while the floating ice became so thick that the rivers were choked with it. When Christmas came, the stream nearest the French was frozen over, and three days later the ice was so hard that the surface of the river was as firm as the solid ground.

13. Then came an order from General Pichegru to shoulder arms and march. In the bitterest months of that terrible winter the barefooted, half-clad French soldiers left their huts, and marched against their foes. Crossing the first river on the ice, they fell upon the surprised Dutch, and utterly routed them. About the same time



"In spite of frost and snow, and rough, frozen roads, they marched steadily and rapidly."

they made a dash at the strong fortified posts along the river, and captured them.

14. The French were now masters of the large island that lay between the two rivers, for they are really only two branches of one river, and the land between them is an island. But the ice in the farther stream was not yet hard enough to bear the weight of cannon, so Pichegru had to stay where he was for a time. Both sides now watched the weather, the French hoping for still harder frosts, while their enemies prayed for a thaw.

15. The cold weather continued, and day by day the ice became firmer. On the 8th of January, 1795, Pichegru began to cross, and on the 10th his whole army had passed the stream, while his enemies were rapidly retreating. He pushed forward into the country, sending his columns in different directions to press the enemy at every point. The bare-footed, half-naked French soldiers were full of spirit, and in spite of frost and snow and rough frozen roads they marched steadily and rapidly.

16. City after city fell before them, and on the 20th of January they marched into Amsterdam itself, and were complete conquerors. Hungry and half frozen as they were, it would not have been strange if these poor soldiers had rushed into the warm houses of the city and

helped themselves to food and clothing. But they did nothing of the kind. They stacked their arms in the streets and public squares, and quietly waited in the snow, patiently bearing the bitter cold of the wind for several hours, while the magistrates were getting houses and food and clothing ready for them.

17. This whole campaign was wonderful, and on almost every day some strange thing happened. Pichegru, learning that there was a fleet of the enemy's vessels lying at anchor near the island of Texel, sent a column of cavalry, with some cannon, in that direction, to see if anything could be done. The cavalry found the Zuyder Zee hard frozen, and the ships firmly locked in the ice. So they put spurs to their horses, galloped over the frozen surface of the sea, marched up to the ships and called on them to surrender. It was a new thing in war for ships to be charged by men on horseback; but there the horsemen were, with strong ice under them, and the ships could not sail away from them. The sailors could make a fight, of course, but the cavalry, with their cannon, were too strong for them, and so they surrendered without a battle, and for the first time in history a body of hussars captured a squadron of ships at anchor.

G. C. Eggleston.

STORIES OF BRITAIN.

XIII.

CHARLES AND OLIVER.

1. NOT long after King James I took the place of Queen Elizabeth on the throne of England, there lived an English knight at a place called Hinchinbrook. His name was Sir Oliver Cromwell. He spent his life, I suppose, pretty much like other English knights and squires in those days, hunting hares and foxes, and drinking large quantities of ale and wine. The old house in which he dwelt had been occupied by his ancestors before him for a good many years. In it there was a great hall hung round with coats of arms and helmets, cuirasses and swords, which his forefathers had used in battle, and with horns of deer and tails of foxes which they or Sir Oliver himself had killed in the chase.

2. This Sir Oliver Cromwell had a nephew who had been called Oliver, after himself, but who was generally known in the family by the name

of little Noll. His father was a younger brother of Sir Oliver. The child was often sent to visit his uncle, who probably found him a troublesome little fellow to take care of. He was forever in mischief, and always running into some danger or other, from which he seemed to escape only by miracle.

3. One morning, when Noll was five or six years old, a royal messenger arrived at Hinchinbrook with tidings that King James was coming to dine with Sir Oliver Cromwell. This was a high honor, to be sure, but a very great trouble; for all the lords and ladies, knights, squires, guards and yeomen who waited on the king, were to be feasted as well as himself; and more provisions would be eaten and more wine drunk in that one day than generally in a month. However, Sir Oliver expressed much thankfulness for the king's intended visit, and ordered his butler and cook to make the best preparations in their power. So a great fire was kindled in the kitchen; and the neighbors knew, by the smoke which poured out of the chimney, that boiling, baking, stewing, roasting, and frying, were going on merrily.

4. By-and-by the sound of trumpets was heard approaching nearer and nearer; a heavy, old-fashioned coach, surrounded by guards on horseback, drove up to the house. Sir Oliver, with his hat

in his hand, stood at the gate to receive the king. His Majesty was dressed in a suit of green, not very new ; he had a feather in his hat and a triple ruff round his neck, and over his shoulder was slung a hunting-horn instead of a sword. Altogether he had not the most dignified aspect in the world ; but the spectators gazed at him as if there were something superhuman and divine in his person. They even shaded their eyes with their hands, as if they were dazzled by the glory of his countenance.

5. "How are ye, man?" cried King James, speaking in a Scotch accent ; for Scotland was his native country. "By my crown, Sir Oliver, but I am glad to see ye!"

6. The good knight thanked the king, at the same time kneeling down while his Majesty alighted. When King James stood on the ground he directed Sir Oliver's attention to a little boy who had come with him in the coach. He was six or seven years old, and wore a hat and feather, and was more richly dressed than the king himself. Though by no means an ill-looking child, he seemed shy or even sulky, and his cheeks were rather pale, as if he had been kept moping within-doors, instead of being sent out to play in the sun and wind.

7. "I have brought my son Charlie to see ye,"

said the king ; “ I hope, Sir Oliver, ye have a son of your own to be his playmate.” Sir Oliver Cromwell made a reverential bow to the little prince, whom one of the attendants had now taken out of the coach. It was wonderful to see how all the spectators, even the aged men with their gray beards, humbled themselves before this child. They bent their bodies till their beards almost swept the dust. They looked as if they were ready to kneel down and worship him.

8. “ What a noble little prince he is ! ” exclaimed Sir Oliver, lifting his hands in admiration, “ No, please your Majesty, I have no son to be the playmate of his Royal Highness ; but there is a nephew of mine somewhere about the house. He is near the prince’s age, and will be but too happy to wait upon his royal highness.”

9. “ Send for him, man ! send for him ! ” said the king. But as it happened there was no need of sending for Master Noll. While King James was speaking, a rugged, bold-faced, sturdy little urchin thrust himself through the throng of courtiers and attendants and greeted the prince with a broad stare. His doublet and hose, which had been put on new and clean in honor of the king’s visit, were already soiled and torn with the rough play in which he had spent the morning. He looked no more abashed than if King James were

his uncle, and the prince one of his customary play-fellows. This was little Noli himself.

10. "Here, please your Majesty, is my nephew," said Sir Oliver, somewhat ashamed of Noll's appearance and demeanor.—"Oliver, make your obeisance to the king's majesty." The boy made a pretty respectful obeisance to the king; for in those days children were taught to pay reverence to their elders. King James, who prided himself greatly on his scholarship, asked Noll a few questions in the Latin grammar, and then introduced him to his son. The little prince, in a very grave and dignified manner, extended his hand, not for Noll to shake, but that he might kneel down and kiss it.

11. "Nephew," said Sir Oliver, "pay your duty to the prince." "I owe him no duty," cried Noll, thrusting aside the prince's hand with a rude laugh. "Why should I kiss that boy's hand?" All the courtiers were amazed and confounded, and Sir Oliver the most of all. But the king laughed heartily, saying that little Noll had a stubborn English spirit, and that it was well for his son to learn betimes what sort of a people he was to rule over.

12. So King James and his train entered the house; and the prince with Noll and some other children were sent to play in a separate room while his Majesty was at dinner. The young

people soon became acquainted ; for boys, whether the sons of monarchs or of peasants, all like play, and are pleased with one another's society. What games they diverted themselves with I can not tell. Perhaps they played at ball, perhaps at blind-man's-buff, perhaps at leap-frog, perhaps at prison-bars. Such games have been in use for hundreds of years ; and princes as well as poor children have spent some of their happiest hours in playing at them.

13. Meanwhile King James and his nobles were feasting with Sir Oliver in the great hall. The king sat in a gilded chair, under a canopy, at the head of a long table. All of a sudden there arose a terrible uproar in the room where the children were at play. Angry shouts and shrill cries of alarm were mixed up together ; while the voices of elder persons were likewise heard, trying to restore order among the children. The king and everybody else at table looked aghast ; for perhaps the tumult made them think that a general rebellion had broken out. "Mercy on us !" uttered Sir Oliver ; "that graceless nephew of mine is in some mischief or other. The naughty little whelp !" Getting up from table, he ran to see what was the matter, followed by many of the guests, and the king among them. They all crowded to the door of the play-room.



"There stood his sturdy little figure, bold as a lion."

14. On looking in they beheld the little Prince Charles, with his rich dress all torn, and covered with the dust of the floor. His royal blood was streaming from his nose in great abundance. He gazed at Noll with a mixture of rage and affright, and at the same time a puzzled expression, as if he could not understand how any mortal boy should dare to give him a beating. As for Noll, there stood his sturdy little figure, bold as a lion, looking as if he were ready to fight, not only the prince, but the king and kingdom too.

15. "You little villain!" cried his uncle, "what have you been about? Down on your knees this instant, and ask the prince's pardon! How dare you lay your hand on the king's majesty's royal son?" "He struck me first," grumbled the valiant little Noll; "and I have only given him his due."

16. Sir Oliver and the guests lifted up their hands in astonishment and horror. No punishment seemed severe enough for this wicked little varlet, who had dared to resent a blow from the king's own son. Some of the courtiers were of opinion that Noll should be sent prisoner to the Tower of London and brought to trial for high treason. Others, in their great zeal for the king's service, were about to lay hands on the boy and chastise him in the royal presence.

17. But King James, who sometimes showed a good deal of sagacity, ordered them to desist. "Thou art a bold boy," said he, looking fixedly at little Noll; "and if thou live to be a man, my son Charlie would do wisely to be friends with thee." "I never will!" cried the little prince, stamping his foot.

18. "Peace, Charlie, peace!" said the king; then addressing Sir Oliver and the attendants: "Harm not the urchin; for he has taught my son a good lesson, if Heaven do but give him grace to profit by it. Hereafter, should he be tempted to tyrannize over the stubborn race of Englishmen, let him remember little Noll Cromwell and his own bloody nose." So the king finished his dinner and departed; and for many a long year the childish quarrel between Prince Charles and Noll Cromwell was forgotten. The prince, indeed, might have lived a happier life, and have met a more peaceful death, had he remembered that quarrel and the moral which his father drew from it. But when old King James was dead, and Charles sat upon his throne, he seemed to forget that he was but a man, and that his meanest subjects were men as well as he. He wished to have the property and lives of the people of England entirely at his own disposal. But the Puritans, and all who loved liberty, rose against him and

beat him in many battles, and pulled him down from his throne.

19. Throughout this war between the king and nobles on one side and the people of England on the other there was a famous leader, who did more toward the ruin of royal authority than all the rest. The contest seemed like a wrestling-match between King Charles and this strong man. And the king was overthrown.

20. When the discrowned monarch was brought to trial, that warlike leader sat in the judgment-hall. Many judges were present besides himself; but he alone had the power to save King Charles or to doom him to the scaffold. After sentence was pronounced, this victorious general was entreated by his own children, on their knees, to rescue his Majesty from death. "No!" said he, sternly; "better that one man should perish than that the whole country should be ruined for his sake. It is resolved that he shall die!"

21. When Charles, no longer a king, was led to the scaffold, his great enemy stood at a window of the royal palace of Whitehall. He beheld the poor victim of pride, and an evil education, and misused power, as he laid his head upon the block. He looked on with a steadfast gaze while a black-veiled executioner lifted the fatal axe and smote off that anointed head at a single blow. "It is a

righteous deed," perhaps he said to himself. "Now Englishmen may enjoy their rights."

22. At night, when the body of Charles was laid in the coffin, in a gloomy chamber, the general entered, lighting himself with a torch. Its gleam showed that he was now growing old; his visage was scarred with the many battles in which he had led the van; his brow was wrinkled with care, and with the continual exercise of stern authority. Probably there was not a single trait, either of aspect or manner, that belonged to the little Noll who had battled so stoutly with Prince Charles. Yet this was he!

23. He lifted the coffin-lid, and caused the light of his torch to fall upon the dead monarch's face. Then, probably, his mind went back over all the marvelous events that had brought the hereditary King of England to this dishonored coffin, and had raised himself, an humble individual, to the possession of kingly power. He was a king, though without the empty title or the glittering crown.

24. "Why was it?" said Cromwell to himself, or might have said, as he gazed at the pale features in the coffin—"why was it that this great king fell, and that poor Noll Cromwell has gained all the power of the realm?" And, indeed, why was it?

25. King Charles had fallen, because, in his

manhood, the same as when a child, he disdained to feel that every human creature was his brother. He deemed himself a superior being, and fancied that his subjects were created only for a king to rule over. And Cromwell rose, because, in spite of his many faults, he mainly fought for the rights and freedom of his fellow-men; and therefore the poor and the oppressed all lent their strength to him.

Hawthorne.



XIV.

SIR JOHN MOORE.

1. SIR JOHN MOORE was one of the most distinguished officers of the British army that took part in the wars that grew out of the French Revolution and of the reign of Napoleon. He was born in Glasgow, in 1761, and after serving faithfully through campaigns in Corsica, in the West Indies, in Holland, in Sweden, and in Egypt, he was knighted and promoted to the position of major-general.

2. In 1808, when Napoleon dethroned the Spanish princes and placed his brother Joseph upon the throne of Spain, the British Government sent an expedition of twenty-five thousand men, under Sir John Moore, to assist the Spaniards in their

struggle against the French. He landed at Lisbon and marched through Portugal to Spain. For a time the Spaniards were successful, and Joseph was driven over the border into France. This reverse aroused Napoleon, and he led an army of three hundred thousand men personally into Spain.

3. The Spanish armies were defeated, and the whole peninsula was soon overrun. In this emergency Sir John Moore found himself without allies, surrounded by victorious enemies, and several hundred miles from any seaport where he could embark his army. Choosing Corunna as his objective point, he commenced a retreat which has no parallel in history save the retreat of the ten thousand Greeks under Xenophon. His little army consisted of about twenty thousand men. Napoleon, at the head of one hundred and seventy-five thousand Frenchmen, was using his almost superhuman powers of strategy and action to cut him off. From the first of November to the middle of January the retreat continued. Now facing the overwhelming numbers of the enemy, now racing for life to secure some pass in the mountains or to anticipate a flank movement, the little army at last came in sight of the port of embarkation. The fleet lay in the harbor, and the French generals could see the Cross of St. George waving defiance in perfect se-

curity. Nelson had broken the naval power of France, and Britain dominated the seas. Napoleon's power ceased with the tide.

4. On the morning of the 16th of January Marshal Soult, the French commander, pressed forward and attacked the English along their whole lines; but so skillful had been the dispositions of troops by Sir John Moore, that each attack was easily repulsed with great loss to the enemy, and sufficient time was gained for the embarkation of the army without molestation.

5. Near the close of the engagement Sir John was struck by a cannon-ball, which inflicted a mortal wound, but he lived long enough to know that the English were everywhere victorious, and that his masterly management had secured the safety of the army.

6. In the history of the Peninsular War, Napier thus sums up his character: "Thus ended the career of Sir John Moore, a man whose uncommon capacity was sustained by the purest virtue, and governed by a disinterested patriotism, more in keeping with the primitive than with the luxurious age of a great nation. His tall, graceful person, his dark, searching eyes, his strongly defined forehead, and singularly expressive mouth, indicated a noble disposition and a refined feeling, while the lofty sentiments of honor habitual to his

mind, being adorned by a playful wit, gave him in conversation an ascendancy that he always preserved by the decisive vigor of his actions.

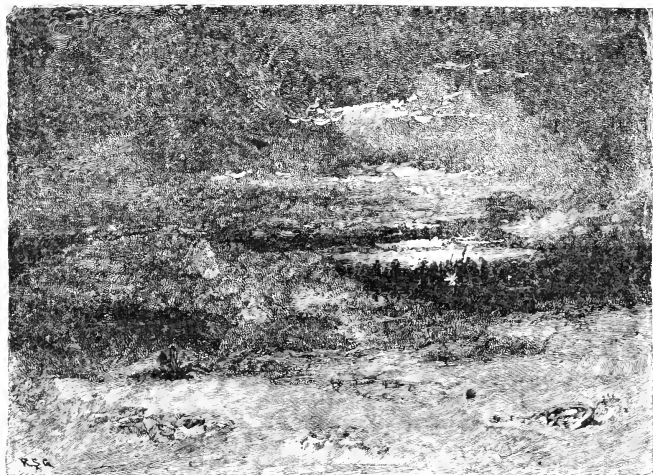
7. "He maintained the right with a vehemence bordering on fierceness, and every important transaction in which he was engaged increased his reputation for talent, and confirmed his character as a stern enemy to vice, a steadfast friend to merit, a just and faithful servant to his country. The honest loved him, the dishonest feared him; for, while he lived he not only shunned but spurned the base, and with characteristic propriety they spurned at him when he was dead.

8. "Confiding in the strength of his genius, he disregarded the clamors of presumptuous ignorance, and conducted his long and arduous retreat with sagacity, intelligence, and fortitude; no insult disturbed, no falsehood deceived him; no remonstrance shook his determination; fortune frowned without subduing his constancy; death struck, but the spirit of the man remained unbroken when his shattered body scarcely afforded it a habitation."

9. The beautiful lines of the Rev. Charles Wolfe, on the "Burial of Sir John Moore," is a fitting tribute to his memory:

BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

10. Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried ;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero was buried.
11. We buried him darkly, at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning ;
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.



12. No useless coffin inclosed his breast,
Nor in sheet nor in shroud we wound him ;
But he lay, like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

13. Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow ;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.
14. We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er
his head,
And we far away on the billow.
15. Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him ;
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on,
In the grave where a Briton has laid him !
16. But half of our heavy work was done,
When the clock struck the hour for retiring,
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.
17. Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory !
We carved not a line, we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone in his glory.

Charles Wolfe.

STORIES OF ARTISTS.

XV.

MICHAEL ANGELO BUONAROTTI.

1. ON March 6, 1474, at Caprese or Chiusi, in Tuscany, was born the child who was afterward to become so renowned. Michael Angelo was noble by birth; his father was descended from the Counts of Canossa. Probably his wealth did not equal his patrician ancestry, for the proud nobleman sent his son to a grammar-school at Florence. A public school is no unusual place for genius to develop itself, and here it was that Michael Angelo's soon shone forth. His facility in sketching—a talent always appreciated by school-boys—made him popular among his young companions; they encouraged him, and their praises fostered the love of art in his bosom. This passion for drawing, however, was pursued in secret; for his father used all his efforts to discourage the boy, thinking, poor man! in his foolish pride, that it would disgrace the noble house of Canossa to pro-



Michael Angelo.

duce an artist ! He did not know that, but for that great artist, his ancient house would have been forgotten ; and that now Michael Angelo is remembered for his genius, not for his nobility.

2. The first story of the boy's progress in art is told of him in his thirteenth year. He borrowed a picture from a friend, and copied it with such exactitude that it could hardly be distinguished from the original. A plan for a boyish deception came into his head ; he confided the secret to one of his playfellows, and the two boys, with grave faces and many thanks, brought to the lender, not his own picture, but Michael's copy. He, worthy soul, did not discover the cheat put upon him, and was restoring with perfect composure the facsimile to the place of the original, when Michael's playfellow could resist his mirth no longer, and his irrepressible laughter revealed the jest. The story became known ; his undoubted success encouraged the boy, and, to his father's horror, he declared his resolution to be an artist.

3. Most likely the incident of the borrowed picture influenced greatly Michael's future life ; for in his fourteenth year we find him a pupil of Domenico Ghirlandaio, one of the best painters of the day, who had studied under Giotto. Doubtless it was only after many struggles with his prejudiced father that Michael Angelo ob-

tained this favor; but, when gained, he profited by it in proportion to the difficulty with which he had secured it. When fifteen, he one day saw a figure on his master's easel drawn in a style which he considered far from perfect. He made outlines of the incorrect portions of the drawing on its margin. These outlines were far superior to the picture itself, and his own consciousness of this, and a mean jealousy unworthy of the noble art he followed, made Ghirlandaio ever after strive to depress and injure the bold and talented boy who had dared thus openly to compete with his master.

4. Michael Angelo remained with Ghirlandaio only three years, during which time his improvement was owing to his own exertions, and not to his jealous master, who scarcely ever condescended to give him the least instruction. But perseverance often fully atones for the want of imparted knowledge; and so it was with Michael. Before he left the studio of Ghirlandaio, he had availed himself of permission given to the pupils of that painter, by Lorenzo de' Medici, to study in an academy which that wise and generous nobleman had instituted for the advancement of sculpture. Here Michael still continued to improve himself, and attracted the attention of Lorenzo the Magnificent by his beautiful drawings. The academy

was held, like those of ancient Athens, in a garden. This garden Lorenzo supplied with beautiful sculpture, chiefly ancient—for the moderns were very far from perfection until Da Vinci's time—and hither the good nobleman often walked among the objects of his taste and delight, supplied by his own munificent hand, or amused himself in watching the progress of the young artists whom he had invited to study in his grounds.

5. In this garden of art the young Michael Angelo one day saw a fellow-student modeling in clay—a branch of art then very uncommon. He felt a wish to do the same, and attempted an imitation, which Lorenzo, who happened to pass by, praised with such warmth that the young artist determined to try his skill in marble. He begged a piece of broken marble and a tool from some workmen who were employed in ornamenting the palace, and cheerfully and eagerly set to work. He chose as his model a mask of a “Laughing Faun,” which was lying in the garden, much mutilated by time. But Michael remedied all these defects in his copy, and likewise added some improvements from his own powers of invention. The mask was nearly finished, when a few days after Lorenzo again visited his garden.

6. “This is wonderful in a youth like you,” cried the delighted nobleman. He examined the

work, compared it with the original, and praised the several additions which Michael's genius had prompted.

7. "But," said this acute patron and lover of art, with a good-humored smile, "there is one thing I do not quite approve, though it is but a slight fault in so good a work—you have restored all the old man's teeth; whereas, you know, a person of that age has generally some wanting."

8. The young man acquiesced in this sensible remark; and, when Lorenzo had departed, he broke a tooth from the upper jaw of the mask, and drilled a hole in the gum to show that it had decayed and fallen out in course of nature. On Lorenzo's next visit he was so delighted with the ingenious way in which Michael Angelo had followed up his patron's hint that he gave the young artist an apartment in his house, made him a guest at his table, introduced him to the noble, wealthy, and learned that thronged the palace of the greatest of the Medici, and, in short, adopted him as his own son.

9. When only seventeen, Michael Angelo executed for Lorenzo a basso-rilievo in bronze; the subject was the "Battle of Centaurs." When very old, the great painter once came to see this work of his early youth, and was heard to say that he regretted that he had not entirely devoted

himself to sculpture. His next work was a "Sleeping Cupid." The wise of that age thought it impossible for modern art to produce anything equal to the antique; and they were not far wrong, for Michael Angelo had not then arisen; so the dealer who purchased his Cupid had the cunning adroitness to stain it in imitation of the defacements of time, and bury it in a vineyard. He afterward pretended to discover it by accident, and sold it as an antique statue to Cardinal San Giorgio. The praise it obtained induced him to reveal the secret; the deceived public generously forgave the trick, and the artist was invited to Rome, where Pope Julius II commissioned him to erect a mausoleum. Michael's design was magnificent. When he showed it to the Pope, his Holiness inquired the cost of such a splendid work. Michael answered that it would amount to a hundred thousand crowns; and the Pope liberally gave him permission to expend twice that sum.

10. The mausoleum was commenced. Pope Julius was so delighted with it, that he had a covered way from his palace erected, that he might visit the artist at his work *incognito*. This was too great a favor not to excite the envy of a court. Ill words and unkind slanders were spoken of Michael. They reached the Pope's ear, as it was intended, and he visited Buonarotti no more. Mi-

chael came to the Vatican, which had been at all times open to him; but it was not so now. A groom of the chamber stopped his entrance. "Do you know to whom you speak?" asked the indignant painter. "Perfectly well," said the man; "and I only do my duty in obeying the orders my master has given." "Then tell the Pope," replied Michael, "if he wants me, he may come and seek me elsewhere himself."

11. The insulted artist returned immediately to his house, ordered his servants to sell his furniture, and follow him to Florence; and left Rome that very night. Great was the Pope's consternation. Couriers were immediately sent after Michael. But it was too late; he had already passed the boundary of the Pope's jurisdiction, and force was of no avail. The couriers reached Florence, and delivered the Pope's letter. Michael's answer was this: "I have been expelled from the ante-chamber of your Holiness without meriting disgrace; therefore I have left Rome to preserve my reputation. I will not return, as your Holiness commands. If I have been deemed worthless one day, how can I be valued the next, except by a caprice alike discreditable to the one who shows it, and the one toward whom it is shown?"

12. Julius next wrote to the government of Florence, using these conciliatory words: "We

know the humor of men like Michael Angelo. If he will return, we promise that none shall offend him or interfere with him, and he shall be reinstated in our apostolic grace." But Michael was inflexible. Again and again the Pope wrote, and still this proud and high-spirited man refused to heed him. At last the chief magistrate of Florence became alarmed. He sent for the artist, and said: "You have treated the Pope as the King of France himself would not have dared. We can not bring him to war against the state on your account; therefore you must obey his will." The magistrate promised also, if Michael feared for his personal safety, to send him as ambassador to Rome, in which case his person would be inviolable. At last Michael relented and met the Pope at Bologna. Julius glanced at him with displeasure, and did not for some time deign to speak. At last he said, "Instead of your coming to us, you seem to have expected that we should wait upon you."

13. Michael answered with a slight apology for his conduct, which, however, was so haughtily expressed that a prelate, who had introduced him, thought it necessary to observe, "One must needs make allowance for such men, who are ignorant of everything except their art."

14. Wise and generous, too, was the Pope's

indignant reply to this speech. He turned to the prelate: "Foolish man, it is thou who hast vilified Michael Angelo; I have not. He is a man of genius, and thou art an ignorant fellow. Depart from my sight this moment!" And the contemner of art was forcibly driven from the room.

15. His next great work was when the Sistine Chapel was built. This chapel Michael was to adorn with fresco-paintings. His first attempt showed how universal were his powers of mind. He began to paint the ceiling; but the only scaffolding which the architect, Bramante, could contrive was suspended by ropes passed through holes in the roof. Michael Angelo asked how he was to paint a ceiling thus pierced with holes. Bramante could arrange no other plan; and Buonarotti invented some machinery so complete that the carpenter who made it under his direction realized a large fortune, through Michael's generosity in allowing him to profit by the invention. In twenty months the frescoes were completed, to the delighted wonder of his friends and the envy of his enemies; all being the work of Michael Angelo's own hand, unassisted by any one. The Pope had almost daily climbed to the top of the platform to watch the artist's progress; and by his persuasions Michael took down the scaffolding almost before the frescoes were finished. Crowds of the

learned rushed to the building to see this wonderful work.

16. But when the Pope had gratified his impatience by viewing the painted ceiling from below, he began to wish for more ornaments on the drapery of some figures, more gilding and show. But Michael's reproof was not long wanting. "I have painted," said he, "men who were poor, nor wished for riches—holy men, to whom gold was an object of contempt. I will add nothing."

17. The Sistine Chapel was publicly opened on All-Saints' day, 1512. From that time to the present, Michael Angelo's frescoes have been acknowledged the most glorious triumph of art in any age. They consist of a series of colossal paintings, descriptive of the progress of the Christian religion from the creation of the world until the last judgment of all men. To particularize them is impossible; and their praise has been a universal theme. Most of them are painted on the arched ceiling; and it is said that many figures were executed by the artist lying on his back on a heap of cushions, this being the only position in which he could reach them.

18. At the age of seventy-two he was nominated architect of St. Peter's. This undertaking had been begun nearly a hundred years before; but little progress had been made, and every new

architect proposed a new design. Michael designed the dome, and had the satisfaction before his death of seeing it nearly completed. His plans for the other parts of the building were unhappily departed from in many things after his death. While laboring at this work, the artist had to contend with the poverty and illiberality of his patrons; and once they endeavored to displace him. He had, in their opinions, not given light enough to the church in one portion of it.

“Three more windows will be placed there,” said Michael Angelo.

“You never told us of that before,” replied a cardinal.

“Nor will I be accountable to you for declaring all that I do, or intend to do!” cried the high-spirited painter. “It is yours to provide money, and keep off thieves: to build St. Peter’s is mine!”

19. Michael Angelo’s countenance was like his mind—full of noble grandeur. Straight, Greek features, a high and rather projecting forehead, with clustering hair and beard, give his portrait a character of sublimity which is like his works. These works were the grandest in conception and execution that mortal man could do—not beautiful, but sublime. It is often a reproach to a great man that his life is far inferior to his works; but Michael Angelo was in every way a noble and good

man, not winning, but austere in his virtue and simplicity of character at an age when the contrary was most in fashion. He was never married, and used to say that his works were his children, who must bear his name to posterity. In his old age he was found one day by Cardinal Sarnite walking alone in the ruins of the Coliseum. The cardinal expressed surprise. "I go yet to school," said Michael, "that I may continue to learn."

Chambers's Miscellany.

XVI.

RAFFAELLE.

1. IN 1483 there lived in the little city of Urbino, in Italy, a poor artist named Giovanni Sanzio. He had little genius to boast of, and less fame. He lived in a quiet, humble way, not far removed from poverty, yet he was a good man, and his humility and simplicity of character prevented his being despised for want of talent. He married a worthy and loving wife, and for a long time they were childless. At length, on Good-Friday of 1485, a son was born unto them, whom they christened Raffaele, after the angel Raphael, of the Bible—a name of good omen; but little did

the parents think that the name thus given would go down to posterity as Raffaelle the Divine.

2. His father had suffered so much in his youth from being left to brave the world alone, that he would not part with his son even to a nurse. Raffaelle was brought up at his parents' house—his mother being his constant nurse, his father his instructor. He was never sent to school, but spent his time in his father's studio, living among the beautiful forms, having for his playthings brushes and easels, thus familiarizing him with the tools of art from his very cradle. No other children came to divide with him his parents' care and affection, and life was all sunshine to the gentle and beautiful child. Even in manhood his portrait, with his soft, mild eyes, and long, flowing hair, is like the face of one of his own angels. In youth, his beauty is said to have attracted the attention of every beholder.

3. Surrounded by art, it is not wonderful that Raffaelle should have been a painter when a mere boy. His father was delighted to see this bent, and instructed him to the utmost of his power, and Raffaelle was soon of great assistance to him in pictures which he sold to his few patrons in Urbino. But the father soon recognized the great genius of his son, and he went to Perugia, where lived Pietro Perugino, one of the great painters of the day.

Pietro, however, had gone to Rome, and Sanzio had to wait a long time for his return. At last Pietro arrived, and the humble painter of Urbino obtained an interview with his higher brother in art. Sanzio had a winning manner, and Pietro readily consented to take little Raffaelle as a pupil.

4. Giovanni returned home, having accomplished his object. One can well imagine what a hard struggle it was for the father to place his boy in other hands, and how many tears the mother shed at parting from her only child. Giovanni took his son to Perugia, left him in the care of Pietro, who had conceived a sincere friendship for the father of his new pupil, and then returned to his lonely home in Urbino.

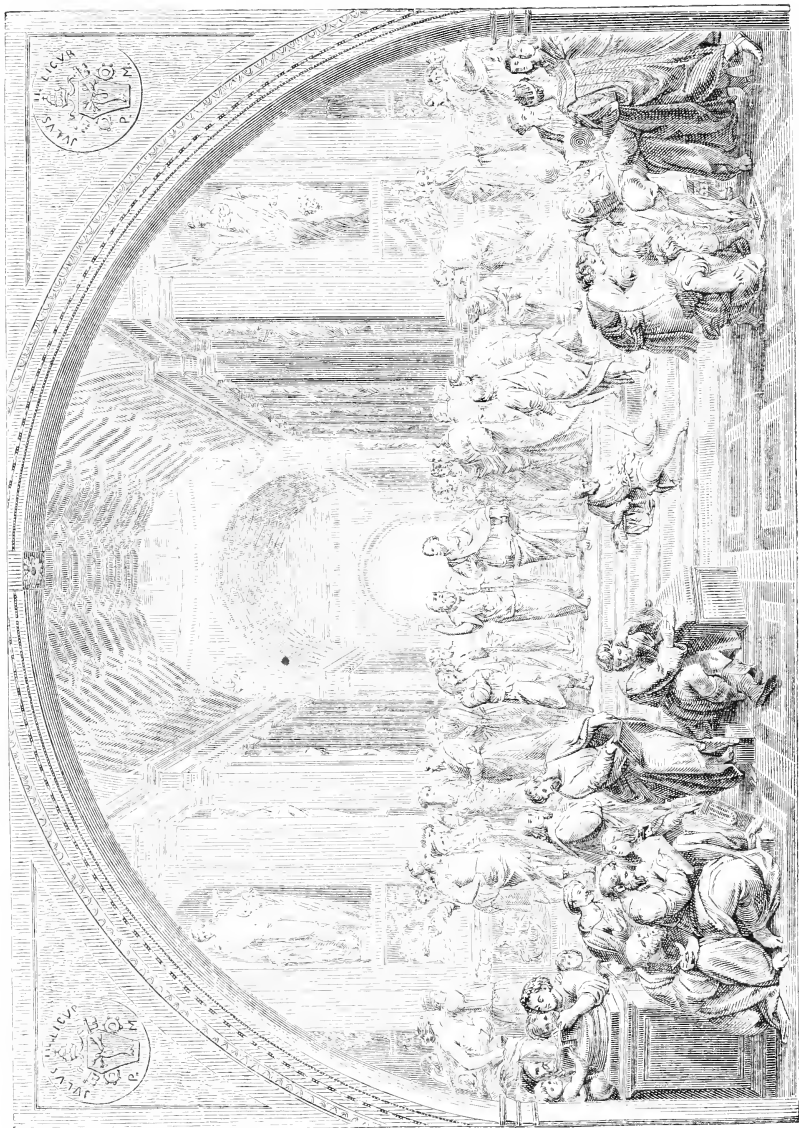
5. Raffaelle had an excellent master in Perugino, as far as kindness went; from his instructions, however, he did not profit much. Perugino's style was hard and formal; now and then his attitudes were graceful, but his works, though praised in his day, were very inferior compared to those of his successors, and his one great contemporary, Leonardo da Vinci. Raffaelle copied his master's style so exactly that his pictures, at that period of his life, can not be distinguished from those of Perugino's. Having never known a higher style, the young artist went on in this beaten track, winning much praise from the inhabitants of his na-

tive city and of Perugia. But a change was soon to come over the spirit of Raffaelle the Divine.

6. He had a friend and fellow-pupil who had been chosen to ornament the Pope's library at Siena. This young man invited Raffaelle to join him, and the latter assented, as he had now left Perugino, though the friendship between master and pupil continued undiminished until the death of the former. Raffaelle was only eighteen when he arrived at Siena; there he and his friend painted ten large pictures, the subjects being taken from the life of Pope Pius II. While at Siena, Raffaelle heard of the wonderful works of Leonardo da Vinci and Michael Angelo, then on exhibition at Florence. He resolved to go thither, and judge for himself of their perfection. Great, indeed, were his delight and wonder when he beheld these masterpieces of genius.

7. Leonardo's particularly attracted him, for Michael Angelo had not then arrived at the zenith of his power; and the inclination of Raffaelle was more to the beautiful than to the severe and grand. He saw that he was yet on the threshold of art; and he felt his own weakness, and the defects of his master so vividly, that from that hour he changed his style and followed Perugino no more.

8. His delight in these pictures which Florence contained, and his liking for the beautiful



School of Athens (by Raffaele).

city, determined Raffaello to remain there for some time. He formed many friendships with young artists there. His greatest friend was Lorenzo Nati, for whom he painted a beautiful picture of the "Holy Family." The virgin mother holds the infant Jesus in her arms, to whom the infant St. John is presenting a bird in childish delight. This painting was preserved by Lorenzo during his lifetime with affectionate care and veneration. After his death it was kept for a long time by his heirs. But a disaster took place: a falling of earth from a neighboring mountain laid the house in ruins, and the "Holy Family" was buried beneath the rubbish. The son of Lorenzo, however, rescued the fragments, and carefully restored them. The picture still exists.

9. Raffaello's stay at Florence was sorrowfully terminated. He had news of the illness of his aged parents; he went to Urbino, but both were no more. They had lived to see only the dawning of their son's glory, which was enough for their unselfish affection. Raffaello gathered together all their worldly goods which they had left him and quitted his native place forever. He stayed some time at Perugia, where he painted a picture for a chapel, and another for a monastery. One of these he left to be finished by his old master, Perugino, and returned to Florence in 1505.

There he studied his beloved art with patience and enthusiasm combined, by means of which his reputation increased yearly.

10. At this time Bramante d' Urbino, a fellow-citizen and distant relative of Raffaelle's, was in high favor with Pope Julius II, and was engaged as architect of St. Peter's. He invited his young kinsman to Rome, where Julius received him with great kindness, and appointed him one of the artists who were employed in painting the Vatican. Raffaelle surpassed his competitors so much, that the Pope immediately ordered all the other pictures to be effaced, and the work to be intrusted to Raffaelle alone; and here the generous and grateful spirit of the young artist had an opportunity of shining forth. Among the doomed pictures was one by Pietro Perugino; but Raffaelle could not bear that such an insult should be offered to his kind old master: he entreated earnestly that it might be spared. The Pope, touched by this unselfish request, granted it, and the picture still remains untouched, except by the hand of Time.

11. The death of Julius II happened while Raffaelle was engaged in this great work; but his successor, Leo X, by equal encouragement, enabled the artist to continue with a brave heart, and the paintings were finished at the end of nine years. The rooms they adorn are called the Chambers of

Raffaelle. They consist chiefly of Scripture subjects, and almost rival the works of Michael Angelo in the Sistine Chapel. During those nine years, Raffaelle found time to paint other pictures, and to study architecture under Bramante; so that, on the death of this relative, he was appointed architect of St. Peter's in his stead.

12. For Leo X Raffaelle also executed a set of twelve cartoons—a species of painting on large sheets of stiffened paper—representing passages in the New Testament. These cartoons were designed to be copied in tapestry in the Netherlands. Some of them are still preserved at Hampton Court, near London.

13. Raffaelle's fame was now at its height, and reached the ears of Albert Dürer, the great German painter and engraver on copper. Albert sent his own portrait and some of his engravings to Raffaelle, who was so delighted with them, that he studied the art himself, and caused to be engraved several of his own pictures. He also, in return, sent to Albert Dürer some beautiful designs of his own, which were held most precious by the German artist.

14. Raffaelle's greatest work, and alas! his last, was "The Transfiguration of Christ," which he painted for Cardinal de' Medici. In this he put forth all his powers, and it remains a lasting

memorial of his genius. While engaged upon it, a sudden fever seized him, which, for want of proper treatment, proved fatal, and terminated his life in the prime of his youth and talents. Raffaello died on the day of his birth, Good-Friday, in 1520, aged only thirty-seven. His body was laid in state in his own studio, his scarcely finished picture of "The Transfiguration" being placed above it, that his sorrowful friends might look from the lifeless form of the painter to his immortal work.

Chambers's Miscellany.

STORIES OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

XVII.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

1. ON Christmas-day, in the year 1642, Isaac Newton was born at the small village of Woolsthorpe, in England. Little did his mother think, when she beheld her new-born babe, that he was destined to explain many matters which had been a mystery since the creation of the world.

2. Isaac's father being dead, Mrs. Newton was married again to a clergyman, and went to reside at North Witham. Her son was left to the care of his good old grandmother, who was very kind to him and sent him to a school. In his early years Isaac did not appear to be a very bright scholar, but was chiefly remarkable for his ingenuity in all mechanical occupations. He had a set of little tools and saws of various sizes manufactured by himself. With the aid of these Isaac contrived to make many curious articles, at which he worked

with so much skill that he seemed to have been born with a saw or chisel in his hand.

3. The neighbors looked with vast admiration at the things which Isaac manufactured. And his



Sir Isaac Newton.

old grandmother, I suppose, was never weary of talking about him. "He'll make a capital workman one of these days," she would probably say. "No fear but that Isaac will do well in the world, and be a rich man before he dies."

4. It is amusing to conjecture what were the anticipations of his grandmother and the neighbors about Isaac's future life. Some of them, perhaps, fancied that he would make beautiful furniture of mahogany, rose-wood, or polished oak, inlaid with ivory and ebony, and magnificently gilded. And then, doubtless, all the rich people would purchase these fine things to adorn their drawing-rooms. Others, probably, thought that little Isaac was destined to be an architect, and would build splendid mansions for the nobility and gentry, and churches,

too, with the tallest steeples that had ever been seen in England.

5. Some of his friends, no doubt, advised Isaac's grandmother to apprentice him to a clock-maker; for, besides his mechanical skill, the boy seemed to have a taste for mathematics, which would be very useful to him in that profession. And then, in due time, Isaac would set up for himself, and would manufacture curious clocks, like those that contain sets of dancing figures, which issue from the dial-plate when the hour is struck; or like those where a ship sails across the face of the clock, and is seen tossing up and down on the waves as often as the pendulum vibrates.

6. Indeed, there was some ground for supposing that Isaac would devote himself to the manufacture of clocks, since he had already made one of a kind which nobody had ever heard of before. It was set a-going, not by wheels and weights like other clocks, but by the dropping of water. This was an object of much wonderment to all the people round about; and it must be confessed that there are few boys, or men either, who could contrive to tell what o'clock it is by means of a bowl of water.

7. Besides the water-clock, Isaac made a sundial. Thus his grandmother was never at a loss to know the hour; for the water-clock would tell

it in the shade, and the dial in the sunshine. The sun-dial is said to be still in existence at Woolsthorpe, on the corner of the house where Isaac dwelt. If so, it must have marked the passage of every sunny hour that has elapsed since Isaac Newton was a boy. It marked all the famous moments of his life; it marked the hour of his death; and still the sunshine creeps slowly over it, as regularly as when Isaac first set it up.

8. Yet we must not say that the sun-dial has lasted longer than its maker; for Isaac Newton will exist long after the dial—yea, and long after the sun itself—shall have crumbled to decay.

9. Isaac possessed a wonderful faculty of acquiring knowledge by the simplest means. For instance, what method do you suppose he took to find out the strength of the wind? You will never guess how the boy could compel that unseen, inconstant, and ungovernable wonder, the wind, to tell him the measure of its strength. Yet nothing can be more simple. He jumped against the wind; and by the length of his jump he could calculate the force of a gentle breeze, a brisk gale, or a tempest. Thus, even in his boyish sports he was continually searching out the secrets of philosophy.

10. Not far from his grandmother's residence there was a windmill which operated on a new plan. Isaac was in the habit of going thither fre-

quently, and would spend whole hours in examining its various parts. While the mill was at rest, he pried into its internal machinery. When its broad sails were set in motion by the wind, he watched the process by which the mill-stones were made to revolve and crush the grain that was put into the hopper. After gaining a thorough knowledge of its construction he was observed to be unusually busy with his tools. It was not long before his grandmother and all the neighborhood knew what Isaac had been about. He had constructed a model of the windmill. Though not so large, I suppose, as one of the box-traps which boys set to catch squirrels, yet every part of the mill and its machinery was complete. Its little sails were neatly made of linen, and whirled round very swiftly when the mill was placed in a draught of air. Even a puff of wind from Isaac's mouth or from a pair of bellows was sufficient to set the sails in motion. And, what was most curious, if a handful of grains of wheat were put into the little hopper, they would soon be converted into snow-white flour.

11. Isaac's playmates were enchanted with his new windmill. They thought that nothing so pretty and so wonderful had ever been seen in the whole world. "But, Isaac," said one of them, "you have forgotten one thing that belongs to a

mill." "What is that?" asked Isaac; for he supposed that from the roof of the mill to its foundation he had forgotten nothing. "Why, where is the miller?" said his friend. "That is true—I must look out for one," said Isaac; and he set himself to consider how the deficiency should be supplied. He might easily have made the miniature figure of a man; but then it would not have been able to move about and perform the duties of a miller. As Captain Lemuel Gulliver had not yet discovered the island of Lilliput, Isaac did not know that there were little men in the world whose size was just suited to his windmill. It so happened, however, that a mouse had just been caught in the trap; and, as no other miller could be found, Mr. Mouse was appointed to that important office. The new miller made a very respectable appearance in his dark-gray coat. To be sure, he had not a very good character for honesty, and was suspected of sometimes stealing a portion of the grain which was given him to grind. But perhaps some two-legged millers are quite as dishonest as this small quadruped.

12. As Isaac grew older, it was found that he had far more important matters in his mind than the manufacture of toys like the little windmill. All day long, if left to himself, he was either absorbed in thought, or engaged in some book of

mathematics or natural philosophy. At night, I think it probable, he looked up with reverential curiosity to the stars, and wondered whether they were worlds like our own, and how great was their distance from the earth, and what was the power that kept them in their courses. Perhaps, even so early in life, Isaac Newton felt a presentiment that he should be able, hereafter, to answer all these questions.

13. When Isaac was fourteen years old, his mother's second husband being now dead, she wished her son to leave school and assist her in managing the farm at Woolsthorpe. For a year or two, therefore, he tried to turn his attention to farming. But his mind was so bent on becoming a scholar, that his mother sent him back to school, and afterward to the University of Cambridge.

14. I have now finished my anecdotes of Isaac Newton's boyhood. My story would be far too long were I to mention all the splendid discoveries which he made after he came to be a man. He was the first that found out the nature of light; for, before his day, nobody could tell what the sunshine was composed of. You remember, I suppose, the story of an apple's falling on his head, and thus leading him to discover the force of gravitation, which keeps the heavenly bodies in their courses. When he had once got hold of this idea,

he never permitted his mind to rest until he had searched out all the laws by which the planets are guided through the sky. This he did as thoroughly as if he had gone up among the stars and tracked them in their orbits. The boy had found out the mechanism of a windmill; the man explained to his fellow-men the mechanism of the universe.

15. While making these researches he was accustomed to spend night after night in a lofty tower, gazing at the heavenly bodies through a telescope. His mind was lifted far above the things of this world. He may be said, indeed, to have spent the greater part of his life in worlds that lie millions of miles away; for where the thoughts and the heart are, there is our true existence.

16. Did you never hear the story of Newton and his little dog Diamond? One day, when he was fifty years old, and had been hard at work more than twenty years studying the theory of light, he went out of his chamber, leaving his little dog asleep before the fire. On the table lay a heap of manuscript papers, containing all the discoveries which Newton had made during those twenty years. When his master was gone, up rose little Diamond, jumped upon the table, and overthrew the lighted candle. The papers immediately caught fire.

17. Just as the destruction was completed, Newton opened the chamber-door, and perceived that the labor of twenty years was reduced to a heap of ashes. There stood little Diamond, the author of all the mischief. Almost any other man would have sentenced the dog to immediate death. But Newton patted him on the head with his usual kindness, although grief was at his heart. "O Diamond, Diamond," exclaimed he, "thou little knowest the mischief thou hast done!" This incident affected his health and spirits for some time afterward; but, from his conduct toward the little dog, you may judge what was the sweetness of his temper.

18. Newton lived to be a very old man, acquired great renown, was made a member of Parliament, and received the honor of knighthood from the king. But he cared little for earthly fame and honors, and felt no pride in the vastness of his knowledge. All that he had learned only made him feel how little he knew in comparison with what remained to be known.

19. "I seem to myself like a child," observed he, "playing on the sea-shore, and picking up here and there a curious shell or a pretty pebble, while the boundless ocean of Truth lies undiscovered before me."

20. At last, in 1727, when he was fourscore

and five years old, Sir Isaac Newton died—or, rather, he ceased to live on earth. We may be permitted to believe that he is still searching out the infinite wisdom and goodness of the Creator as earnestly, and with even more success, than while his spirit animated a mortal body. He has left a fame behind him which will be as enduring as if his name were written in letters of light formed by the stars upon the midnight sky.

Hawthorne.

XVIII.

WILLIAM CAXTON.

1. It was probably at the press of Colard Mansion, in a little room over the porch of St. Donat's, at Bruges, that William Caxton learned the art which he was the first to introduce into England. A Kentish boy by birth, but apprenticed to a London mercer, Caxton had already spent thirty years of his manhood in Flanders as governor of the English guild of merchant adventurers there, when we find him engaged as copyist in the service of Edward IV's sister, Duchess Margaret of Burgundy. But the tedious process of copying was soon thrown aside for the

new art which Colard Mansion had introduced into Bruges.

2. "Forasmuch as in the writing of the same," Caxton tells in the preface to his first printed work, the "Tales of Troy," "my pen is worn, my hand is weary and not steadfast, mine eyes dimmed with overmuch looking on the white paper, and my courage not so prone and ready to labor as it hath been, and that age creepeth on me daily and feebleth all the body, and also because I have promised to divers gentlemen and to my friends to address to them as hastily as I might the said book, therefore I have practised and learned at my great charge and dispense to ordain this said book in print after the manner and form as ye may see, and is not written with pen and ink as other books be, to the end that every man may have them at once, for all the books of this story here empynted as ye see were begun in one day and also finished in one day."

3. The printing-press was the precious freight he brought back to England in 1476, after an absence of five-and-thirty years. Through the next fifteen, at an age when other men look for ease and retirement, we see him plunging with characteristic energy into his new occupation. His red "pale," or heraldic shield, marked with a red bar down the middle, invited buyers to the press he

established in the almshouse at Westminster, a little inclosure containing a chapel and almshouses near the west end of the church, where the alms of the abbey were distributed to the poor.

4. "If it please you, any man, spiritual or temporal," runs his advertisement, "to buy any pyes of two or three commemorations of Salisbury, all empynted after the form of the present letter, which be well and truly correct, let him come to Westminster in the almonry at the red pale, and he shall have them good chepe." Caxton was a practical man of business, as this advertisement shows, no rival of the Venetian Aldi, or of the classical printers of Rome, but resolved to get a living from his trade; supplying priests with service-books and preachers with sermons, furnishing the clerk with his "Golden Legend," and knight and baron with "joyous and pleasant histories of chivalry."

5. But, while careful to win his daily bread, he found time to do much for what of higher literature lay fairly at hand. He printed all the English poetry of any moment which was then in existence. His reverence for that "worshipful man, Geoffrey Chaucer," who "ought to be eternally remembered," is shown not merely by his edition of the "Canterbury Tales," but by his reprint of them when a purer text of the poem

offered itself. The poems of Lydgate and Gower were added to those of Chaucer. The "Chronicle of Brut" and Higden's "Polychronicus" were the only available works of an historical character then existing in the English tongue, and Caxton not only printed them, but himself continued the latter up to his own time. A translation of Boëthius, a version of the "Eneid" from the French, and a tract or two from Cicero, were the stray first-fruits of the classical press of England.

J. R. Green.



XIX.

GEORGE STEPHENSON.

1. GEORGE STEPHENSON, the perfecter of the locomotive, had a very humble beginning. His father, Robert Stephenson, with his wife Mabel, were a decent couple, living at a small colliery village called Wylam, situated on the north bank of the Tyne, about eight miles from Newcastle. Here "Old Bob," as Robert was usually styled by the neighbors, was employed as fireman to the engine which pumped water from the coal-pit, an employment of a toilsome kind, but requiring no great skill, and accordingly requited by the

wage of a common laborer. He had six children, of whom George was the second, born June 9,

1781. The lot of the family was to work, and work they did. We do not know whether the father had any wish to give his children a fair country education. Perhaps there were no schools near at hand; but, be this as it may, Bob's children, like their



George Stephenson.

neighbors in like circumstances, were left entirely to themselves in the way of book-learning. When George was about eight years of age, his father removed to another colliery concern at Dewley Burn, where he filled a similar situation—that of shoveling in coal to a furnace which kept a steam-engine at work.

2. Shortly after coming to Dewley Burn, George was put to work, as he was now eight years old, and it was believed he could earn something to help on the family. A job was found for him; it was to herd a few cows, for which

light duty he was paid twopence a day. We are now, as it were, introduced to George. He comes on the stage as a barelegged herd-boy, driving cows, chasing butterflies, and amusing himself by making water-mills with reeds and straws, and even going the length of modeling small steam-engines with clay. Brought up among coal-pits and pumps, and wheels and engines, it was not surprising that his mind should have a bias to mechanics. Some boys, indeed, are so dull or heedless, that they may see the most curious works of art without giving them any sort of attention; but George Stephenson pried into every mechanical contrivance that came under his notice, and acquired a knack of making things, with no other help than an old knife. He did not stare at things stupidly, or with an affected air of indifference; neither did he pretend to take an interest in works of art in order to appear clever. He liked to work out his own ideas in his simple way without a thought of results.

3. From being a herd-boy, he was promoted to lead horses when plowing, hoe turnips, and do other farm-work, by which he rose from twopence to fourpence a day. He might have advanced to be an able-bodied plowman, but his tastes did not lie in the agricultural line. What he wished was to be employed about a colliery, so

as to be among the bustle of wheels, gins, and pulleys. Accordingly, quitting farm-work, he got employment at Dewley Burn to drive a gin-horse, by which change he had another rise of twopence a day, his wages being now three shillings a week. In a short time he went as gin-horse driver to the colliery of Black Callerton; and as this was two miles from the parental home, he walked that distance morning and evening. This walk, however, was nothing to George, who was getting to be a big, stout boy, fond of rambling about after birds' nests, and keeping tame rabbits, and always taking a part in country sports. His next rise was to act as an assistant fireman to his father at Dewley. Gladly he accepted this situation, for, besides that he was allowed a shilling a day, he looked to being promoted to be engine-man, which now in his fourteenth year was the height of his ambition. George did not long remain here. The coal-pit was wrought out and deserted, and the workmen and apparatus were removed to a colliery at Jolly's Close, a few miles distant. The Stephenson family removed with the others, and now occupied a cottage of only a single apartment, situated in a row of similar dwellings, with a run of water in front, and heaps of *débris* all around.

4. In this miserably confined cottage there were accommodated the father and mother and

six children, some of them pretty well grown up; and, as all helped by their work, there was nothing like poverty in the household. George and his elder brother James were assistant firemen, two younger boys performed some humble labor about the pit, and two girls assisted their mother in household affairs. The total earnings of the father and sons amounted to from thirty-five to forty shillings a week. As this was equal to about one hundred pounds per annum, we are entitled to say that on that sum Old Bob ought to have brought up his family respectably, and given them at least the elements of education, but George, at fifteen years of age, when working as assistant fireman, and forming one of a family who were earning about a hundred pounds a year, and paying no house-rent, did not know a letter. From Dewley he went to Mid Mill, and after that to the colliery of Throckly-bridge, at which his wages were twelve shillings a week. He felt that he was getting on. It was a proud moment for him when one Saturday evening he got his first twelve shillings. "Now," said he, enthusiastically, "I am a made man for life." By way of occupying his idle minutes he began to model miniature steam-engines in clay, in which he had already some experience, and while so engaged he was told of engines of a form and character he had never seen.

They were not within reach, but were described in books. If he read these he would learn all about them ; but alas ! though now eighteen years of age he was still ignorant of the alphabet, and he settled in his own mind that he would go to school, cost what it might.

5. He found out a poor teacher, named Robin Cowens, in the village of Walbottle, who agreed to give him lessons in the evening at the rate of threepence a week, a fee which he cheerfully paid. By Robin he was advanced so far as to be able to write his own name, which he did for the first time when he was nineteen years of age. To improve his acquirements he afterward, in the winter of 1799, went to an evening-school, kept by Andrew Robertson, a Scotch dominie, in the village of Newburn. Here he was advanced in a regular way to penmanship and arithmetic. But as there was not much time for arithmetical study during the limited school-hours, George got questions in figures set on his slate, which next day he worked out while attending the engine. And that was all the education in the way of schooling he ever got. Very imperfect it was in quality and extent, but it admitted him within the portals of knowledge, and getting that length, he was enabled to pick up and learn as he went on.

6. The next event in his life was his removal,

in 1801, to the Dolly pit, at Callerton, where he received somewhat higher wages, a point of some importance, for at this time the cost of living was very high. Perhaps it was owing to this dearth of food that George fell upon the expedient of devoting his leisure hours in the evening to the making and mending of shoes. Some may think that the craft of shoemaking was quite out of his way, but we have known several instances of shepherds and plowmen being makers and menders of shoes in a homely style for their families, and therefore the "gentle craft" is not so very difficult to learn as might be imagined. George Stephenson became a tolerable shoemaker, though he kept chiefly to cobbling or mending. If anything could have spurred him on it was the desire to sole the shoes of his sweetheart, Fanny Henderson, and of these he is said to have made a "capital job." By means of his cobbling, he was able to save a guinea, which is recorded as being the nest-egg of his fortune.

7. No one ever saw him the worse for drink ; and while others were soaking in taverns, or amusing themselves with cock-fighting, he was at home, either trying to increase his sum of knowledge or applying himself to some useful occupation which was in itself an amusement. His sobriety and industry had their reward. He was ena-

bled to furnish a house decently, and to marry Fanny Henderson. The marriage was celebrated on November 28, 1802, and the pair betook themselves to the neat home that had been prepared at Willington Ballast Quay, a place on the Tyne, about six miles from Newcastle.

8. Settling down as a married man, George continued to devote leisure hours to study or to some handicraft employment. From making and mending shoes he proceeded to mend clocks, and became known among his neighbors as a wonderfully clever clock-doctor. It is said that he was led into this kind of employment by an accident. His chimney having got on fire, the neighbors, in putting it out, deluged the house with water, and damaged the eight-day clock. Handy at machinery, and wishing to save money, George determined to set the clock to rights. He took it to pieces, cleaned it, reorganized it, and made it go as well as ever. There was a triumph! After this he was often employed as a repairer of clocks, by which he added a little to his income.

9. On the 16th of December, 1803, was born his only son, Robert, who lived to be at the head of the railway engineering profession. But before either George or his son could arrive at distinction, there was not a little to be done. As a brakesman, George had charge of the coal-lifting machinery at

Willington, and subsequently at Killingworth, and in this department, as well as engine-man, he gradually but surely gained the reputation of being an ingenious and trustworthy workman. At Killingworth, which is about seven miles north of Newcastle, he suffered the great misfortune of losing his wife. This sad blow fell upon him in 1804, with his son still an infant.

10. In one of his public speeches late in life, he observed: "In the earlier period of my career, when Robert was a little boy, I saw how deficient I was in education, and I made up my mind that he should not labor under the same defect, but that I would put him to a good school, and give him a liberal training. I was, however, a poor man; and how do you think I managed? I betook myself to mending my neighbors' clocks and watches at nights, after my daily labor was done, and thus I procured the means of educating my son."

11. In 1810 an opportunity occurred for George Stephenson signaling himself. A badly constructed steam-engine at Killingworth High pit could not do its work; one engineer after another tried to set it to rights, but all failed; and at last, in despair, they were glad to let "Geordie" try his hand, though, even with his reputation for cleverness, they did not expect him to succeed. To their mor-

tification and astonishment, he was perfectly successful. He took the engine to pieces, rearranged it skillfully, and set it to work in the most effectual manner. Besides receiving a present of ten pounds for this useful service, he was placed on the footing of a regular engineer, and afterward consulted in cases of defective pumping apparatus.

12. Although thus rising in public estimation, he still knew his deficiencies, and strove to improve by renewed evening studies. One of his acquaintances, named John Wigham, gave him some useful instruction in branches of arithmetic, of which he had an imperfect knowledge, and the two together, with the aid of books, spent many pleasant evenings in getting an insight into chemistry and other departments of practical science. His steadiness was at times sorely tried by the solicitations of neighbors in his own rank "to come and take a glass of yill"; but resolutions to be temperate, and to save for the sake of Robert's education, enabled him to withstand tempters of all kinds. By dint of such reserve he was able to save a hundred guineas, which, in consequence of the demand for bullion during the French War, he sold to money-brokers for twenty-six shillings each. At intervals in his ordinary labor he employed himself in building an oven and some additional rooms to his cottage, which he likewise

rendered attractive by a garden cultured with his own hands.

13. Railroads were just beginning to be used, but no working locomotive had yet been invented. In this work George Stephenson took great interest, and after a variety of experiments he was satisfied that there would be sufficient adhesion in the wheels to overcome any tendency to slip, so that teeth or cogs were unnecessary. In July, 1814, he was able to begin running his locomotive, called the *Blucher*, on the Killingworth Railway. It was still only a coal-drag, and at best a clumsy apparatus, but it hauled eight loaded wagons, weighing thirty tons, at about four miles an hour. This was undoubtedly a success; the thing could be done; yet, as the cost of working was about as great as that by horses, little was gained. There must be fresh trials. As by a flash of inspiration Stephenson saw the leading defect and the method of curing it. The furnace wanted draught, which he gave by sending the waste steam into the chimney; and at once, by increased evolution of steam, the power of the engine was doubled or tripled. In 1815 he had a new locomotive at work, combining this and some minor improvements. Still, there was much to be done to perfect the machine. The cost of working was so considerable that locomotive power did not meet with general approval;

the fact was, that railways at this period were not so accurately finished as they now are, and smooth and easy running ought not to have been expected. It was only step by step that both rails and moving apparatus were brought to a comparatively perfect state.

14. At the Killingworth colliery, Stephenson continued to plan his improvements, and also to advance in general knowledge in the society of his son, who, on leaving school in 1818, was placed as an apprentice to learn practically, underground, the business of a viewer of coal-mines ; and in 1820 he went for a session of six months to the University of Edinburgh. The cost of this piece of education was eighty pounds, which the father could not well spare ; but the prize for skill in mathematics which his son brought home with him at the end of the session was thought to be ample repayment.

15. Acquiring a knowledge of railways, Robert was appointed to proceed to Colombia, South America, to superintend some railway operations. One day, previous to setting out, he dined with his father, and a young man named Dixon was of the party. An anecdote is related to show the strong faith which George Stephenson at this time entertained regarding railway progress. "Now, lads," said he to the two young men after dinner,

“I will tell you that I think you will live to see the day, though I may not live so long, when railways will come to supersede almost all other methods of conveyance in this country—when mail-coaches will go by railway, and railways will become the great highway for the king and all his subjects. The time is coming when it will be cheaper for a workingman to travel on a railway than to walk on foot. I know there are great and almost insurmountable difficulties that will have to be encountered; but what I have said will come to pass as sure as we live. I only wish I may live to see the day, though that I can scarcely hope for, as I know how slow all human progress is, and with what difficulty I have been able to get the locomotive adopted, notwithstanding my more than ten years’ successful experiment at Killingworth.”

16. Soon after, Stephenson constructed the safety-lamp, and brought it into use at about the same time that it was invented by Sir Humphry Davy. The principle of construction of the two was the same. When a prize was offered for the best locomotive, the Rocket, made by Stephenson, was found so much superior to all others, that it was adopted at once. From that time onward the career of George Stephenson was one of continued prosperity.

17. In 1830, from Liverpool to Manchester he built the first general railroad ever constructed for commercial purposes. In this work his success was so great that for a long time all enterprises of the kind were committed to his charge. At Newcastle-upon-Tyne he built his locomotive-works, which for many years supplied all the railways of the British kingdom. Wealth and influence came from his success, and long before his death he was regarded as the greatest engineer of England. He died in 1848, at the age of sixty-seven, having lived to see his railway system in practical use in every civilized country on the globe.

XX.

THE BLACKBURN FARMER.

1. ABOUT the middle of last century there resided in the village of Blackburn, in Lancashire, a farmer of small means, but of good natural capacity, of a reflective habit, and endowed with a spirit of persistent perseverance rarely found in his walk of life. He tilled a few acres of land, the produce of which sufficed to support his family, whom he accustomed to fare humbly and labor hard. As

for himself, he cared not how much he worked, nor to what employment he turned his hand. Anything that promised a remuneration for his industry he would attempt: if it prospered, and he obtained the proposed remuneration, it was well; and if it failed, and he got no remuneration, still he extracted experience out of it, and was in a condition to enter on a new experiment with a better chance of success.

2. This patience and good-humored self-possession under all circumstances, was inherent in the man, and it proved in the end a most valuable quality, as we shall see. He was naturally fond of experiment; and in the long evenings of winter, when farming operations were unavoidably suspended, was accustomed to exercise his ingenuity, of which he possessed a more than average share, in mechanical contrivances either for diminishing labor or for rendering its operations more satisfactory and complete.

3. At that period, all Lancashire and the manufacturing districts of the north were more or less excited on the subject of the cotton manufactures, which the inventions of Hargreaves and others had brought to a state of perfection that promised to make Great Britain the commercial center of the world. It is no wonder, therefore, that the farmer turned his attention to this branch of manufacture.

Being struck with the clumsy tediousness of the process by which the cotton-wool was brought into a state fit for spinning, he set about contriving a quicker and more satisfactory method of doing the work. Before long he was led to the adoption of a cylinder, instead of the common hand-cards then in use; and in the end produced machines of simple construction, by which the work of carding was not only performed more effectually, but at a much more expeditious rate.

4. The cotton fabrics which were produced at this period were far different in appearance from those with which the last three generations have been familiar; they were, in fact, only cotton cloths, either indifferently white, or dyed in such homely colors as the dyers of the time could impart to them. Though useful for a variety of domestic purposes and for under-garments, the idea of making them the materials of personal adornment and elegant attire seems as yet to have suggested itself to no one. But now the Blackburn farmer conceived that idea, and, inspirited by his success in the wool-carding department, resolved to carry it out with all the energy at his command.

5. To talking he was not much given, and to boasting not at all, and on this occasion, especially, he shrewdly kept his plans to himself. Procuring a stout block of wood, ten inches long by five inch-

es wide, and some two inches thick, he drew with a pencil on the smooth side of it the exact representation of a parsley-leaf gathered from his garden. He then set to work with penknife and small chisels, and such other tools as he could purchase, and with his own hands cut away all those parts of the wood not covered by the drawing, leaving the spray of parsley standing in relief; or, in other words, he made a wood-engraving of the leaf, differing in no other respect from the wood-engravings of the artist of to-day but in the rough coarseness of the work, unavoidable in a first attempt. In the back of the block he fixed a handle, and at each of the four corners of it he inserted a little pin of stout wire.

6. His next step was to mix a lively green color, well ground up with alum, to a consistency fit for printing. The color was contained in a tub, and upon its surface lay a thick woolen cloth, which, of course, became thoroughly saturated with the coloring-matter. Laying a blanket on a stout kitchen-table, and stretching the white calico cloth on the top of that, the ingenious farmer applied his wooden block to the saturated woolen cloth, dabbing it repeatedly until it had taken up a sufficient quantity of the color. He then laid the block squarely on the stretched cloth, and gave it a smart blow on the back with a mallet, thus printing the

impression of the parsley-leaf. The four little pins fixed at the corners of the block served to guide him in applying it squarely at each consecutive impression; and thus he worked away, until the whole surface of the cloth was covered with the parsley-leaves, and he had produced the *first piece of printed cotton* the world had ever seen.

7. The parsley-leaf pattern succeeded so well that he soon found himself called-on for others of various designs, which also he made with his own hands, thus keeping his secret to himself, and shutting out rivals in the trade which his own ingenuity had created. And now the demand for his novel wares grew so urgent that he could not produce them fast enough for his customers. As a matter of course, he had impressed the services of his whole family—his sons aiding in the printing, and his wife and daughters working early and late in ironing out the printed cloths after the coloring-matter was dry. This ironing process took a great deal of time; and though the women bent over the flat-irons early and late, they could not meet the urgency of the case, and thus the execution of the orders that poured in was continually delayed.

8. To overcome this obstacle the farmer set his wits to work to contrive a machine to supersede the use of the flat-irons. Remembering the advantage he had derived from the use of a cylinder in

carding the cotton-wool, he turned again to the cylinder to effect his present purpose. He instructed a carpenter to make a large oblong frame, with a smooth bed of solid planking, supported on upright posts, and with a raised rail or ledge on either side. Running from side to side he placed a roller, with a handle to turn it, and round the roller he wound a rope spirally. Each end of the rope was fastened to a strong, oblong box, as large as the bed of the frame; and the box being filled with bricks and paving-stones, was heavy enough to impart a powerful pressure. Instead of ironing his pieces of printed cloth, the farmer now wound them carefully round small wooden rollers, which he placed in the smooth bed beneath the box of stones, drew that backward and forward over them, by means of the handle affixed to the cylinder, which had the rope coiled round it, and so, without the use of the hot flat-irons, gave the desired finish to his work. And thus it was that the *first mangle* came into the world.

9. This machine answered its purpose admirably, and, by releasing the wife and daughters from the ironing-table, increased by so much the producing power of the family. The farmer worked on now with redoubled diligence: the more cottons he printed, the more people wanted them; and as he had taken especial care that no man

should become master of his mystery, he retained the trade in his own hands. As years flowed on wealth poured in, and the small farmer of the village became the principal of one of the largest and most prosperous manufacturing houses in the country. He took his eldest son into partnership, and applying his capital to the production of machinery to facilitate cotton-printing, was enabled to transfer his patterns from blocks to cylinders, and thus to print, in a few minutes only, a piece of cloth which it would have taken a week to complete under the old process of a mallet and blocks.

10. The farmer's son became a man of vast wealth and influence. It was but a trifle to him, when the burden of war weighed heavily upon his country and the national emergencies were most oppressively felt, to raise and equip, at his own expense, a regiment of horse for the defense of the country, and present them to the Government. This he did; and the Government, in return for his generous patriotism, made him a baronet.

11. The patriotic baronet had a son, who, though inheriting the thorough-working faculty and persistent perseverance of the family, was not brought up to the manufacturing business with the view of adding to the family wealth. The grandson of the Blackburn farmer was placed under skillful instructors, and in due time sent to

college, where he set a noble example of subordination and diligence, displayed abilities of the highest order, and won distinguished honors. He afterward obtained a seat in Parliament, where he served his country for a period exceeding the average duration of human life, and served it, too, with a fidelity, proof not only against the seductive influence of party, but against his personal interests, and in opposition to the cherished friendships of a whole life.

12. He obtained, and for a long period enjoyed, the greatest honor which it is possible for a sovereign to confer upon a subject. As the Prime Minister of England, he devoted himself to the welfare of the people, working steadily for the emancipation of industry, the amelioration of the poor man's lot, and the cheapening of the poor man's loaf. In this cause he signally triumphed, dying in the midst of his success, by what seemed the sudden stroke of accident, and leaving behind him a name and a fame dear to Britain and honored throughout the world.

13. We need scarcely add that the name of the small Blackburn farmer, of the wealthy and patriotic baronet, and of the champion of free trade, is one and the same, and that it will be found carved on the pedestal of the statue of ROBERT PEEL.

MISCELLANEOUS STORIES.

XXI.

SAMUEL JOHNSON'S REPENTANCE.

1. "SAM," said Mr. Michael Johnson, of Lichfield, one morning, "I am very feeble and ailing to-day. You must go to Uttoxeter in my stead, and tend the book-stall in the market-place there." This was spoken above a hundred years ago, by an elderly man, who had once been a thriving bookseller at Lichfield, in England. Being now in reduced circumstances, he was forced to go every market-day and sell books at a stall in the neighboring village of Uttoxeter.

2. When Mr. Michael Johnson spoke, Sam pouted and made an indistinct grumbling in his throat; then he looked his old father in the face and answered him loudly and deliberately "Sir," said he, "I will not go to Uttoxeter market!"

3. "Well, Sam," said Mr. Johnson, as he took his hat and staff, "if for the sake of your foolish pride you can suffer your poor sick father to

stand all day in the noise and confusion of the market when he ought to be in his bed, I have no more to say. But you will think of this, Sam, when I am dead and gone." So the poor old man set forth toward Uttoxeter. The gray-haired, feeble, melancholy Michael Johnson, how sad a thing that he should be forced to go, in his sickness, and toil for the support of an ungrateful son who was too proud to do anything for his father, or his mother, or himself! Sam looked after Mr. Johnson with a sullen countenance till he was out of sight.

4. "My poor father!" thought Sam to himself, "how his head will ache, and how heavy his heart will be! I am almost sorry that I did not do as he bade me." Then the boy went to his mother, who was busy about the house. She did not know what had passed between Mr. Johnson and Sam. "Mother," said he, "did you think father seemed very ill to-day?" "Yes, Sam," answered his mother, turning with a flushed face from the fire, where she was cooking their scanty dinner, "your father did look very ill; and it is a pity he did not send you to Uttoxeter in his stead. You are a great boy now, and would rejoice, I am sure, to do something for your poor father, who has done so much for you."

5. After sunset old Michael Johnson came

slowly home and sat down in his customary chair. He said nothing to Sam; nor do I know that a single word ever passed between them on the subject of the son's disobedience. In a few years his father died, and left Sam to fight his way through the world by himself. Well, my children, fifty years had passed away since young Sam Johnson had shown himself so hard-hearted toward his father. It was now market-day in the village of Uttoxeter.

6. In the street of the village you might see cattle-dealers with cows and oxen for sale, and pig-drovers with herds of squeaking swine, and farmers with cart-loads of cabbages, turnips, onions, and all other produce of the soil. Now and then a farmer's red-faced wife trotted along on horseback, with butter and cheese in two large panniers. The people of the village, with country squires and other visitors from the neighborhood, walked hither and thither, trading, jesting, quarreling, and making just such a bustle as their fathers and grandfathers had made half a century before.

7. In one part of the street there was a puppet-show, with a ridiculous merry-andrew, who kept both grown people and children in a roar of laughter. On the opposite site was the old stone church of Uttoxeter, with ivy climbing up its walls and partly obscuring its Gothic windows.

There was a clock in the gray tower of the ancient church, and the hands on the dial-plate had now almost reached the hour of noon. At this busiest hour of the market a strange old gentleman was seen making his way among the crowd. He was very tall and bulky, and wore a brown coat and small-clothes, with black worsted stockings and buckled shoes. On his head was a three-cornered hat, beneath which a bushy gray wig thrust itself out, all in disorder. The old gentleman elbowed the people aside and forced his way through the midst of them with a singular kind of gait, rolling his body hither and thither, so that he needed twice as much room as any other person there.

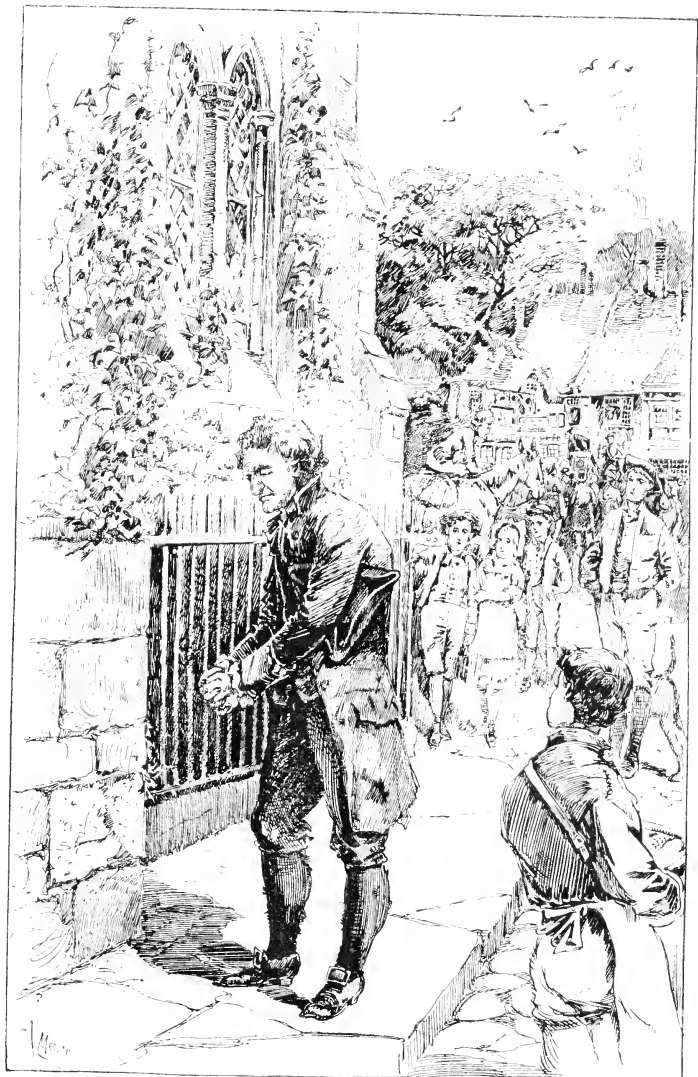
8. But when they looked into the venerable stranger's face, not the most thoughtless among them dared to offer him the least impertinence. Though his features were scarred and distorted, and though his eyes were dim and bleared, yet there was something of authority and wisdom in his looks which impressed them all with awe. So they stood aside to let him pass, and the old gentleman made his way across the market-place, and paused near the corner of the ivy-mantled church. Just as he reached it the clock struck twelve.

9. On the very spot of ground where the stranger now stood some aged people remembered

that old Michael Johnson had formerly kept his book-stall. The little children who had once bought picture-books of him were grandfathers now.

10. "Yes, here is the very spot!" muttered the old gentleman to himself. There this unknown personage took his stand and removed the three-cornered hat from his head. It was the busiest hour of the day. What with the hum of human voices, the lowing of cattle, the squeaking of pigs, and the laughter caused by the merry-andrews, the market-place was in very great confusion. But the stranger seemed not to notice it any more than if the silence of a desert were around him. He was wrapped in his own thoughts. Sometimes he raised his furrowed brow to heaven, as if in prayer; sometimes he bent his head, as if an insupportable weight of sorrow were upon him. It increased the awfulness of his aspect that there was a motion of his head and an almost continual tremor throughout his frame, with singular twitchings and contortions of his features.

11. The hot sun blazed upon his unprotected head; but he seemed not to feel its power. A dark cloud swept across the sky, and rain-drops pattered into the market-place; but the stranger heeded not the shower. The people began to gaze at the mysterious old gentleman with superstitious



There this unknown personage took his stand and removed the three-cornered hat from his head.

fear and wonder. Who could he be? Whence did he come? Wherefore was he standing bare-headed in the market-place? Even the school-boys left the merry-andrew and came to gaze, with wide-open eyes, at this tall, strange-looking old man.

12. Yes, the poor boy, the friendless Sam, with whom we began our story, had become the famous Doctor Samuel Johnson. He was universally acknowledged as the wisest man and greatest writer in all England. But all his fame could not extinguish the bitter remembrance which had tormented him through life. Never, never had he forgotten his father's sorrowful and upbraiding look. Never, though the old man's troubles had been over so many years, had he forgiven himself for inflicting such a pang upon his heart. And now, in his old age, he had come hither to do penance, by standing at noonday, in the market-place of Uttoxeter, on the very spot where Michael Johnson had once kept his book-stall. The aged and illustrious man had done what the poor boy refused to do. By thus expressing his deep repentance of heart, he hoped to gain peace of conscience and the forgiveness of God.

Hawthorne.



XXII.

FLORA MACDONALD.

1. AFTER the battle of Culloden in 1746, the Pretender Charles Edward fled to the Highlands of Scotland, and for some weeks was concealed there while the soldiers were raiding the whole country in search of him. A large price was set upon his head, yet none of the many who knew of his places of concealment would betray him. At one time he fled in an open boat to South Wist, an island on the west coast, where he found refuge with Laird Macdonald. His pursuers discovered his retreat, and three thousand English soldiers were sent to search every nook and dell, crag and cottage, on the island. A cordon of armed vessels surrounded South Wist, so that escape appeared impossible.

2. But escape from the island was necessary for the safety of the prince. Lady Macdonald proposed that he should put on the garb of a servant-woman, and, in company with a lady as waiting-maid, leave the island. Who had the courage? Flora Macdonald, from Millburg, a beautiful girl, just from school at Edinburgh, was then on a visit. Her step-father was on the island, in command of a corps of soldiers searching for the

prince. Regardless of the certain displeasure of her father, and the extreme peril of the undertaking, Flora acceded to the proposal of Lady Macdonald to save the prince, and that very night, in company with a trusty officer, she went among the crags of Carrodale, to the cave where the royal fugitive was concealed.

3. Great was the delight of the prince when he was informed of the plan of escape. Within a day or two Flora procured from her step-father a passport for herself, a young companion, a boat's crew, and Betsey Bourke, an Irishwoman whom Flora pretended she had engaged as a spinster for her mother. The prince, attired as Betsey Bourke, embarked with Flora and her companions, on the 28th of June, 1746, for the Isle of Skye. A furious tempest tossed them about all night, and a band of soldiers prevented their landing in the morning. They finally landed near the residence of Sir Alexander Macdonald, where the prince was concealed in a cavity in the rock, for the laird was his enemy, and his hall was filled with soldiers seeking the fugitive. Flora touched the heart of Lady Macdonald, and by her aid the prince and the maiden made a safe journey of twelve miles on foot to Potarce. Here they parted forever, the prince to escape to France, and Flora to be soon afterward carried a prisoner to London and cast into the Tower.

4. The story of her adventure excited the admiration of all classes, and as she was not a partisan of the Pretender, nor of his religious faith, the nobility interfered in her behalf. The father of George III visited her in prison, and so much was he interested in her that he procured her release. While she remained in London, her residence was surrounded by the carriages of the nobility, and Lady Primrose, a friend of the Pretender, introduced her to court society. When presented to old King George II, he said to her, "How could you dare to succor the enemy of my crown and kingdom?" Flora replied with great simplicity, "It was no more than I would have done for your Majesty, had you been in a like situation." A chaise-and-four were fitted up for her return to Scotland, and her escort was Malcolm McLeod, who often said afterward, "I went to London to be hanged, but rode back in a chaise-and-four with Flora Macdonald."

5. Four years afterward she married Allan, the son of Laird Macdonald, and became mistress of the mansion where the prince passed the first night on the Isle of Skye. In 1775 she and her husband with several children came to this country and settled in North Carolina. Upon the breaking out of the Revolution she espoused the royalist cause, and was very active in inducing her coun-

trymen to enlist in the British army. As the fortunes of war declared against her, she embarked with her family for Scotland, where she lived until 1790, when she died full of years and honors.

Lossing.

XXIII.

GRACE DARLING.

1. GRACE DARLING was born November 24, 1815, at Bamborough, on the Northumberland coast, being the seventh child of her parents. Of the events of her early years, whether she was educated on the mainland, or lived constantly in the solitary abode of her parents, first at the Brownsman, and afterward on the Longstone Island, we are not particularly informed. During her childish years, and till the time of her death, her residence in the Longstone lighthouse was constant, or only broken by occasional visits to the coast. She and her mother managed the little household at Longstone. She is described as having been at that time, as indeed during her whole life, remarkable for a retiring and somewhat reserved disposition. In person she was about the middle size, of fair complexion, and a comely countenance, with

nothing masculine in her appearance ; but, on the contrary, gentle in aspect, and with an expression of the greatest mildness and benevolence.

2. William Howitt, the poet, who visited her after the deed which made her so celebrated, found her a realization of his idea of Jeanie Deans, the amiable and true-spirited heroine of Sir Walter Scott's novel, who did and suffered so much for her unfortunate sister. She had the sweetest smile, he said, that he had ever seen in a person of her station and appearance. "You see," says he, "that she is a thoroughly good creature, and that under her modest exterior lies a spirit capable of the most exalted devotion—a devotion so entire, that daring is not so much a quality of her nature, as that the most perfect sympathy with suffering or endangered humanity swallows up and annihilates everything like fear or self-consideration—puts out, in fact, every sentiment but itself."

3. Through the channels between the smaller Farne Islands the sea rushes with great force ; and many a shipwreck of which there is no record must have happened here in former times, when no beacon existed to guide the mariner in his path through the deep. Mr. Howitt, speaking of his visit to Longstone, says : "It was like the rest of these desolate isles, all of dark whinstone, cracked in every direction, and worn with the action of winds,

waves, and tempests since the world began. Over the greater part of it was not a blade of grass nor a grain of earth; it was bare and iron-like stone, crusted, round all the coast, as far as high-water mark, with limpet and still smaller shells. We ascended wrinkled hills of black stone, and descended into worn and dismal dells of the same; into some of which, where the tide got entrance, it came pouring and roaring in raging whiteness, and churning the loose fragments of whinstone into round pebbles, and piling them up in deep crevices with sea-weeds, like great round ropes and heaps of fucus. Over our heads screamed hundreds of hovering birds, the gull mingling its hideous laughter most wildly."

4. Living in that lonely spot in the midst of the ocean, with the horrors of the tempest familiarized to her mind, her constant lullaby the sound of the everlasting deep, her only prospect that of the wide-spreading sea, with the distant sail on the horizon, Grace Darling was shut out, as it were, from the active scenes of life, and debarred from those innocent enjoyments of society and companionship which, as a female, must have been dear to her, unaccustomed though she was to their indulgence.

5. She had reached her twenty-second year when the incident occurred by which her name

has been rendered so famous. The Forfarshire steamer, a vessel of about three hundred tons burden, under the command of Captain John Humble, sailed from Hull, on her voyage to Dundee, on the evening of Wednesday, September 5, 1838, with a valuable cargo of bale-goods and sheet-iron, and having on board about twenty-two cabin and nineteen steerage passengers, as nearly as could be ascertained—Captain Humble and his wife, ten seamen, four firemen, two engineers, two coal-trimmers, and two stewards; in all sixty-three persons.

6. The Forfarshire was only two years old; but there can be no doubt that her boilers were in a culpable state of disrepair. In this inefficient state the vessel proceeded on her voyage, and passed through the “Fairway,” between the Farne Islands and the land, about six o’clock on Thursday evening. She entered Berwick Bay about eight o’clock the same evening, the sea running high and the wind blowing strong from the north. From the motion of the vessel, a small leak in the boilers which it was thought had been thoroughly repaired, was reopened, and increased to such a degree that the firemen could not keep the fires burning. Two men were then employed to pump water into the boilers, but it escaped through the leak as fast as they pumped it in.

About ten o'clock, she bore up off St. Abb's Head, the storm still raging with unabated fury. The engines soon after became entirely useless, and the engineer reported that they would not work. There being great danger of drifting ashore, the sails were hoisted fore and aft, and the vessel got about, in order to get her before the wind, and keep her off the land. No attempt was made to anchor.

7. The vessel soon became unmanageable, and the tide setting strong to the south, she proceeded in that direction. It rained heavily during the whole time, and the fog was so dense that it became impossible to tell the situation of the vessel. At length breakers were discovered close to leeward; and the Farne lights, which about the same period became visible, left no doubt as to the imminent peril of all on board. Captain Humble vainly attempted to avert the catastrophe by running the vessel between the islands and the mainland; but she would not answer her helm, and was impelled to and fro by a furious sea. Between three and four o'clock she struck with her bows foremost on the rock, the ruggedness of which is such that, at periods when it is dry, it is scarcely possible for a person to stand erect upon it; and the edge which met the Forfarshire's timbers descends sheer down a hundred fathoms deep or more.

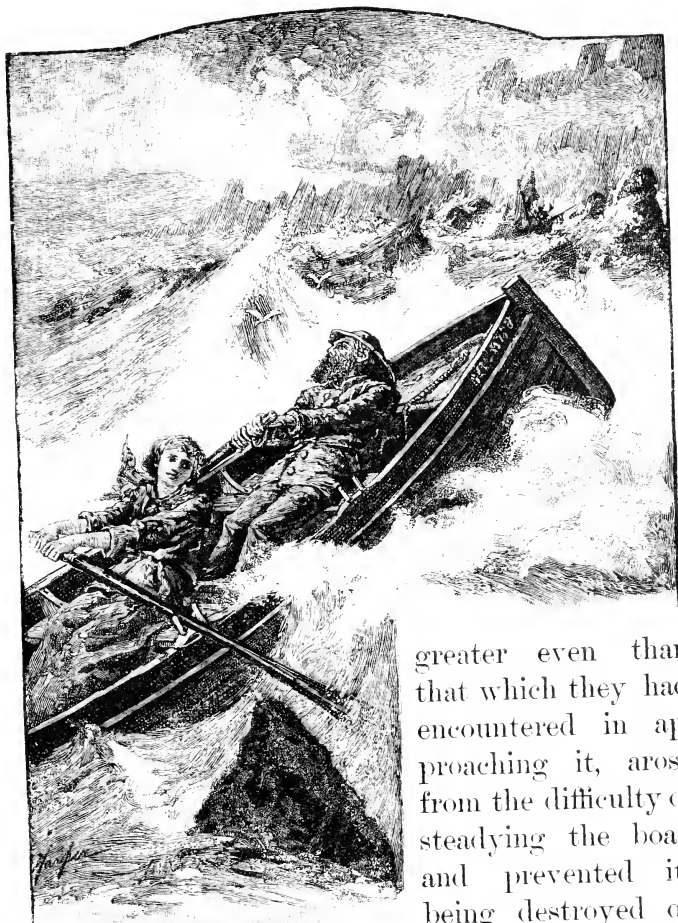
8. Very soon after the first shock a powerful wave struck the vessel on the quarter, and raising her off the rock allowed her immediately after to fall violently down upon it, the sharp edge striking her about midships. She was by this fairly broken in two pieces; and the after-part, containing the cabin, with many passengers, was instantly carried off through a tremendous current called the Pifa Gut, which is considered dangerous even in good weather, while the forepart remained on the rock. The captain and his wife seem to have been among those who perished in the hinderpart of the vessel.

9. At the moment when the boat parted, several of the passengers betook themselves to the windlass in the forepart of the vessel, which they conceived to be the safest place. Here also a few sailors took their station, although despairing of relief. The sufferers, nine in number (five of the crew and four passengers) remained in their dreadful situation till daybreak—exposed to the buffeting of the waves amid darkness, and fearful that every rising surge would sweep the fragment of wreck on which they stood into the deep. Such was their situation when, as day broke on the morning of the 7th, they were descried from the Longstone by the Darlings, at a distance of nearly a mile. A mist hovered over the island;

and though the wind had somewhat abated its violence, the sea, which even in the calmest weather is never at rest among the gorges between these iron pinnacles, still raged fearfully. At the lighthouse there were only Mr. and Mrs. Darling and their heroic daughter.

10. To have braved the perils of that terrible passage then, would have done the highest honor to the well-tryed nerves of even the stoutest of the male sex. But what shall be said of the errand of mercy being undertaken and accomplished mainly through the strength of a female heart and arm? Through the dim mist, with the aid of the glass, the figures of the sufferers were seen clinging to the wreck. But who could dare to tempt the raging abyss that intervened, in the hope of succoring them? Mr. Darling, it is said, shrank from the attempt—not so his daughter. At *her* solicitation the boat was launched, with the assistance of her mother, and father and daughter entered it, each taking an oar. It is worthy of being noticed that Grace never had occasion to assist in the boat previous to the wreck of the Forfarshire, others of the family being always at hand.

11. It could only have been by the exertion of great muscular power, as well as of determined courage, that the father and daughter carried the boat up to the rock; and when there, a danger,



greater even than that which they had encountered in approaching it, arose from the difficulty of steadying the boat, and prevented its being destroyed on those sharp ridges by the ever-restless chafing and heaving of the billows. However, the nine sufferers were safely rescued. The deep sense

which one of the poor fellows entertained of the generous conduct of Darling and his daughter was testified by his eyes filling with tears when he described it. The thrill of delight, which he experienced when the boat was observed approaching the rock, was converted into a feeling of amazement, which he could not find language to express, when he became aware of the fact that one of their deliverers was a woman ! The sufferers were conveyed at once to the lighthouse, which was in fact their only place of refuge at the time ; and owing to the violent seas that continued to prevail among the islands, they were obliged to remain there for three days.

12. The subsequent events of Grace Darling's life are soon told. The deed she had done may be said to have wafted her name over all Europe. Immediately, on the circumstances being made known through the newspapers, that lonely lighthouse became the center of attraction to curious and sympathizing thousands, including many of the wealthy and the great, who, in most instances, testified by substantial tokens the feelings with which they regarded the young heroine. The Duke and Duchess of Northumberland invited her and her father over to Alnwick Castle, and presented her with a gold watch, which she always afterward wore when visitors came.

13. The Humane Society sent her a most flattering vote of thanks; the president presented her with a handsome silver teapot; and she received almost innumerable testimonials of greater or less value from admiring strangers. With the view of rewarding her for her bravery and humanity, a public subscription was raised which is said to have amounted to about £700. Her name was echoed with applause among all ranks, portraits of her were eagerly sought for, and to such a pitch did the enthusiasm reach, that a large nightly sum was offered her by the proprietors of one or more of the metropolitan theatres and other places of amusement, on condition that she would merely sit in a boat, for a brief space, during the performance of a piece whose chief attraction she was to be. All such offers were, however, promptly and steadily declined. It is, indeed, gratifying to state that, amid all this tumult of applause, Grace Darling never for a moment forgot the modest dignity of conduct which became her sex and station. The flattering testimonials of all kinds which were showered upon her never produced in her mind any feeling but a sense of wonder and grateful pleasure. She continued, notwithstanding the improvement of her circumstances, to reside at the Longstone lighthouse with her father and mother, finding, in her limited sphere of do-

mestic duty on that sea-girt islet, a more honorable and more rational enjoyment than could be found in the crowded haunts of the mainland, and thus affording by her conduct the best proof that the liberality of the public had not been unworthily bestowed.

Chambers's Miscellany.



XXIV.

THE INDIAN MUTINY.

1. ON February 24, 1857, there commenced in British India the most formidable mutiny that had ever broken out in that vast country—a mutiny which taxed the utmost powers of the state to quell, and called forth brilliant examples of heroic suffering and daring valor. It had more the form of a mutiny of the native soldiery than a general rebellion of the people, although the latter element was not altogether wanting.

2. The extreme length of India is about 1,900 miles, the extreme breadth about 1,600—an area a hundred and fifty times as large as Great Britain; and the natives are broadly distinguished by their religion into Hindoos and Mohammedans. The

vast population of nearly 240,000,000 is made up of many nations and tribes.

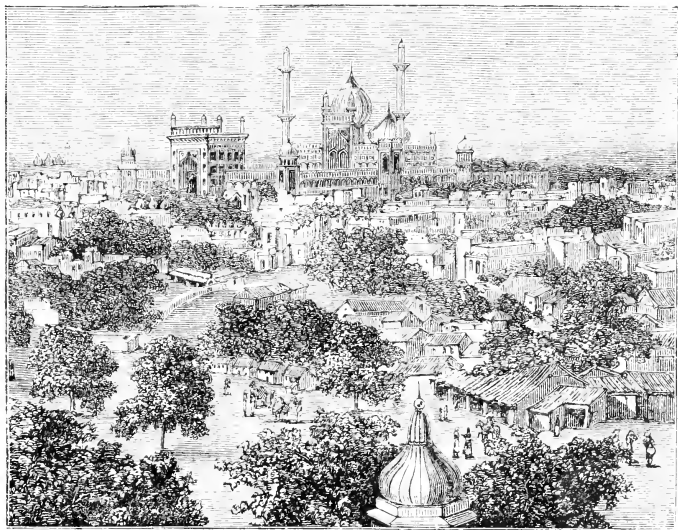
3. In the year 1600 Queen Elizabeth gave a charter to a company of merchants to be called the East India Company, who were at first only traders, but gradually mixed themselves up with the quarrels of the native princes, and usually contrived to gain something out of each quarrel. In this way they gradually acquired power over a large part of the country, and Lord Clive by splendid victories over the French in the Madras Presidency, and the native princes in Bengal, gained large dominions for the company, and, before he finally left India, virtually established what might be called the British Empire in the East. A governor-general for all the British possessions in India was first appointed in 1773, and, during the subsequent period of a century, this post has been occupied by a succession of eminent men

4. The portion of India which was in British hands at the time of the mutiny extended from the Himalayas on the north to Ceylon on the south, and from the Ganges on the east to the mouths of the Indus on the west, and was dotted here and there by independent or semi-independent states. There were 132,000,000 natives of India subject to British rule.

5. These wide-spreading territories were defended by 280,000 soldiers in the pay of the company, most of them being natives commanded by British officers. The most perilous element in this great force was the native regular infantry, comprising one hundred and fifty-five complete regiments. The Mohammedans joined in the mutiny with the hope of re-establishing a great Moslem empire, while the Hindoos had special motives of their own, connected chiefly with religion and caste. Both races were alarmed and irritated upon the subject of the cartridges used for the recently introduced Enfield rifle—the Hindoos, lest the cartridges should be greased with the fat of the bullock or cow, and their mouths should be defiled in biting off the ends, and they should lose caste; while the Mohammedans feared that the lubricating grease contained the much-abhorred swine's fat—the swine being too vile for the one and the cow too sacred for the other to touch with their lips.

6. The first actual outbreak was at Berhampore on February 24th, but was soon put down. On Sunday, May 10th, the *real* mutiny was begun at Meerut, not many miles from the famous city of Delhi. The native troops rose suddenly in arms, wounded or drove away their officers, and established a reign of terror. English ladies and chil-

dren were going to evening church when the tumult began, but almost all were massacred, while



City of Delhi.

the officers' residences and government offices were burned to the ground. The English troops stationed there were so distant from the native troops, and so utterly unprepared for such a scene, that they could not come to the rescue in time, and the native regiments, after the season of fire and slaughter, marched off to Delhi. This city at that time contained not a single British regiment, and all the Europeans in the place were a mere handful. Not one single European was in a position

to give a connected account of that terrible day at Delhi. The families of the English officers and civilians were hunted about like wild beasts. Some took refuge in the jungle, some fled into the open plain, and some wandered they knew not whither, but all were followed up and cruelly murdered, and some were burned in their own bungalows. The sufferings were far more terrible than those at Meerut.

7. At the time of the breaking out of the mutiny British troops were comparatively few, were scattered all over the country, and were comparatively tens among thousands. In the first half of May more than thirty native regiments suddenly turned their arms against their former masters, and by September twenty more had followed their example. Almost every one of these acts of mutiny were attended with misery and danger to English civilians, ladies and children, and the tales of suffering were often of the most touching and harrowing kind.

8. Of all the sad events which took place at this time, the most terrible was the slaughter of British soldiers, civilians, delicate women, and little children, at Cawnpore, by the miscreant Nana Sahib. Cawnpore, which is a large town on the river Ganges, six hundred and fifty miles from Calcutta, was under the command of Sir Hugh Wheeler, who

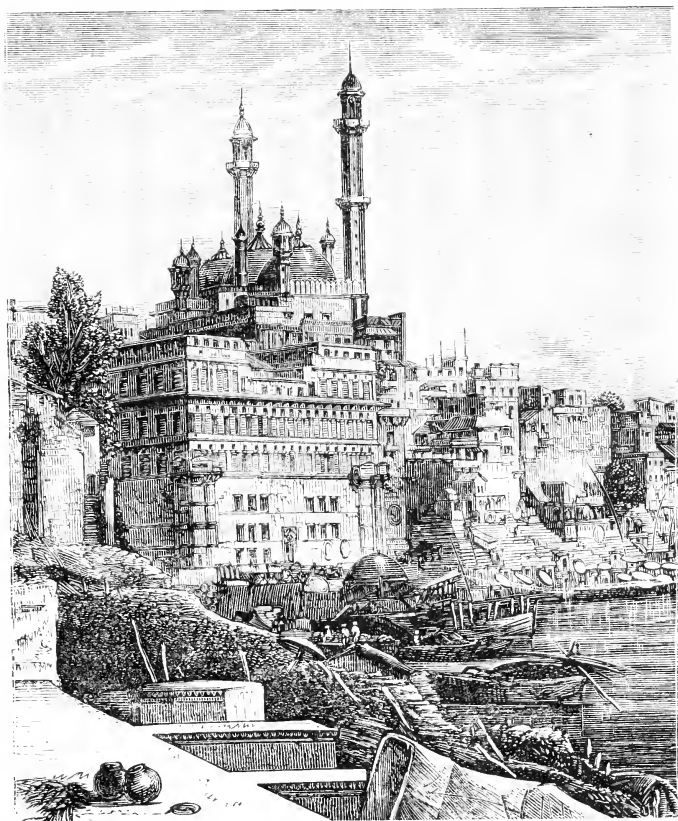
had very few English among his troops, and little hopes that re-enforcements could reach him from other quarters, while in the city were four native regiments. He caused a square plot of ground to be laid out on the grand military parade, and into this inclosure he caused to be conveyed a large amount of treasure, and enough provisions for thirty days' consumption for one thousand persons. There was near Cawnpore one Nana Sahib, a Mahratta prince, who conceived that the East India Company had wronged him, and, resolved upon revenge, he took the lead of the mutineers, and his leadership was all the more terrible because he simulated friendship to the English. On June 5th the open mutiny began, and Wheeler directed all whom he could trust to come into the intrenchment. Nana Sahib openly took command of the insurgents, brought re-enforcements with him, and commenced a siege of the Europeans. There were upward of nine hundred people within the intrenchment, about one third of whom were women and children, and about two hundred were English soldiers. There they remained for three weeks, withstanding a siege from the mutinied regiments, and enduring sufferings that can with difficulty be realized. The oxen were driven away because there was no water for them, the meat rations fell off, the native servants ran away ;

hogsheads of rum and beer were burst in by the enemy's cannon-balls, and then thirst followed in the train of fatigue, sickness, and wounds.

9. These three weeks were a terrible time, but the worst was yet to come. Nana Sahib sent a messenger to say that all the English might retire to Allahabad, in boats down the Ganges, if they would give up the intrenchment, treasure, guns, and ammunition ; and, hopeless and worn down, they agreed to the proposal. On June 27th the remnant of the nine hundred started to embark in about twenty boats, when the Nana's villainous plan showed itself. Guns were brought down to the river-banks, rebel soldiers rushed into the water and killed most of the men, while the women and children, exceeding two hundred in number, were conveyed on shore, where, after sufferings and cruel privations for eighteen days, they were put to death.

10. Seldom has a government been placed in such a position as the India authorities found themselves. Measures were at once begun for the suppression of the mutiny, but the military movements which followed the foregoing events were so numerous and complicated that only a brief notice of some of the more important can be given. General Neill advanced from Madras, and marched rapidly to Benares, where a plot had been formed by

the sepoys to repeat the drama of Meerut and Delhi. He had only two hundred and forty men and three



Benares.

guns with him, but he defeated the rebels and saved Benares. When this was known at Allaha-

bad, the native soldeirs there suddenly mutinied, and all the Europeans in the city were put to death, excepting a few who were fortunate enough to seek refuge in the fort. No sooner did Neill hear of this, than he started with only forty-four men, marched seventy-five miles in two days, and succeeded in entering the fort at Allahabad, where, by incessant activity, he kept in awe the thousands of insurgents who surrounded him.

11. General Havelock came from the Persian Gulf to Calcutta, from which he at once started with the few troops that could be hastily got together, joining Neill at Allahabad, from which place he shortly afterward set off with less than two thousand men, and marched to Cawnpore, a distance of two hundred and fifty miles, through a country infested by rebels in enormous numbers, whom he defeated every time he could get them to risk a fight; but he was so much delayed in his march that Nana Sahib's fiendish work was done before he arrived—the hapless women and children having been put to death just two days before Havelock entered Cawnpore.

12. At Lucknow there was six months' display of heroism, military skill, and untiring patience. The British troops were a few hundreds in number, while the native were many thousands. Just outside the city was a building which became very

famous—the *Residency*. It was a large inclosure, walled, and containing the chief commissioner's



The Residency.

house and other public buildings. On July 1st Sir Henry Lawrence, who was in command, abandoned all the outposts, blew up a vast magazine, to prevent it from falling into the enemy's hands, and shut himself up with all the Europeans in the Residency, there to make a stout resistance till aid might come. On the next day he was killed by a shot from the enemy, and was succeeded by Sir

John Inglis. Their situation was critical in the extreme. No one could leave without danger of instant death, no friends could succor them, no food, drink, medicines, clothing, or ammunition could be brought in ; and within the inclosure were cooped up about twelve hundred people. The rebels kept up a continuous pouring in of shot and shell, and not for a single hour could the garrison relax their watchfulness. The sufferings were very great, and of a multifarious kind. Inglis tried every means of sending messengers to Cawnpore, with entreaties for aid, but very few escaped the alertness of the enemy.

13. In the mean time General Havelock was getting ready to succor them. He marched from Cawnpore on July 25th with fifteen hundred men, and engaged and defeated the rebels almost every day for about three weeks, when, in consequence of the loss of men, which he saw would, before he reached Lucknow, reduce his small force to too small a number to relieve the gallant band at the Residency, he recrossed the Ganges to Cawnpore to wait until re-enforcements reached him. Hearing that Nana Sahib had collected a large number of rebels to attack him, he and Neill marched out and thoroughly defeated them at Bithoor. On September 15th he was re-enforced by some troops under General Sir James Outram, and crossed again

into Oude. He beat back the enemy day after day, and on the 25th he marched into Lucknow, and after hours' struggle, where every inch of ground had to be fought for, the British reached the Residency, within which there was almost a frenzy of joy. A story is told that one Jessie Brown cheered the little band, in the depth of their despair, by declaring that she heard the slogan or war-cry of the approaching Highlanders long before the besieged had any idea that help was so near them.

14. The British soon found that they were still in a very perilous position. They could not take the women and children to a place of safety, and constant watchfulness was required to maintain their own position. For two months longer they were hemmed in, when they were relieved by Sir Colin Campbell.

15. The great point for the British was now the recapture of the city of Delhi, which was occupied by twenty thousand rebel troops, and a force of eight thousand men commenced a siege of the city on June 8th. For more than three months the siege progressed, the British gradually getting re-enforced, until, in September, they were ten thousand men, and on the 14th of that month the city was stormed and captured after a desperate struggle.

16. The subsequent troubles and fightings in

India lasted until November, 1858, when British power was finally re-established ; but it was done gradually, and at a heavy sacrifice of life. The East India Company was abolished by act of Parliament, and British India placed under the direct government of Queen Victoria.

THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW.

17. Oh, that last day in Lucknow fort !
We knew it was the last,
That the enemy's lines crept surely on,
And the end was coming fast.
18. To yield to that foe meant worse than death,
And the men and we all worked on ;
It was one more day of smoke and roar,
And then it would all be done.
19. There was one of us, a corporal's wife,
A fair, young, gentle thing,
Wasted with fever in the siege,
And her mind was wandering.
20. She lay on the ground, in her Scottish plaid,
And I took her head on my knee ;
“ When my father comes hame frae the
pleugh,” she said,
“ Oh ! then please wauken me.”

21. She slept like a child on her father's flock,
In the flecking of woodbine-shade,
When the house-dog sprawls by the open
door,
And the mother's wheel is stayed.
22. It was smoke and roar and powder-stench,
And hopeless waiting for death ;
And the soldier's wife, like a full-tired child,
Seemed scarce to draw her breath.
23. I sank to sleep ; and I had my dream
Of an English village lane,
And wall and garden—but one wild scream
Brought me back to the roar again !
24. There Jessie Brown stood listening,
Till a sudden gladness broke
All over her face ; and she caught my hand
And drew me near, as she spoke :
25. "The Hielanders ! Oh ! dinna ye hear
The slogan far awa' ?
The McGregors. Oh ! I ken it weel ;
It's the grandest o' them a' !
26. "God bless the bonnie Hielanders !
We're saved—we're saved !" she cried,
And fell on her knees ; and thanks to God
Flowed forth like a full flood-tide.



Oh ! dinna ye hear the slogan 'far awa' ?

27. Along the battery-line her cry
 Had fallen among the men,
And they started back—they were there to
 die ;
 And was life so near them, then ?
28. They listened for life ; the rattling fire
 Far off, and the far-off roar,
Were all ; and the colonel shook his head,
 And they turned to their guns once more.
29. But Jessie said : “The slogan’s done,
 But winna ye hear it noo ?
The Campbells are comin’ ! It’s no a dream ;
 Our succors hae broken through ! ”
30. We heard the roar and the rattle afar,
 But the pipes we could not hear ;
So the men plied their work of hopeless war,
 And knew that the end was near.
31. It was not long ere it made its way,
 A thrilling, ceaseless sound ;
It was no noise from the strife afar,
 Or the sappers underground.
32. It was the pipes of the Highlanders,
 And now they played *Auld Lang Syne* ;
It came to our men like the voice of God,
 And they shouted along the line !

33. And they wept, and shook one another's
hands,
And the women sobbed in a crowd ;
And every one knelt down where he stood,
And we all thanked God aloud.
34. That happy time, when we welcomed them,
Our men put Jessie first ;
And the general gave her his hand, and
cheers
Like a storm from the soldiers burst.
35. And the pipers' ribbons and tartans streamed,
Marching round and round our line ;
And our joyful cheers were broken with tears,
As the pipes played *Auld Lang Syne*.

Robert Lowell.

XXV.

THE RESCUE PARTY.

1. DR. EDWARD KANE, an American naval surgeon, in 1853, volunteered to command an expedition in search of the lost vessels of Sir John Franklin, which some supposed to be shut up by the ice in a basin of clearer, warmer water, such

as it was thought might exist round the north pole, and the way to which might be opened or closed according to the shifting of the icebergs.

2. His vessel was the brig *Advance*, and his course was directed through Davis Strait; and on the way past the Danish settlements, in Greenland, they provided themselves with a partially educated young Esqui-



Dr. Kane.

man as a hunter, and with a team of dogs, which were to be used in drawing sledges over the ice in explorations.

3. The whole expedition was one golden deed, but there is not space to describe it in all its details; we must confine ourselves to the most striking episode in their adventures, hoping that it may send our readers to the book itself. The ship was brought to a standstill in Rafaelner Bay, on the west side of Smith Strait, between the seventy-ninth and eightieth degrees of latitude. It was only the 10th of September when the ice closed in

so as to render further progress of the ship impossible. On the 7th of November the sun was seen for the last time, and darkness set in for one hundred and forty-one days—such darkness, at times, as was misery even to the dogs, who used to contend with one another for the power of lying within sight of the crack of light under the cabin-door.

4. Before the light failed, however, Dr. Kane had sent out parties to make *caches*, or stores of provisions at various intervals. These were to be used by the exploring companies whom he proposed to send out in sledges, while the ice was still unbroken, in hopes of thus discovering the way to the Polynia, or polar basin, in which he thought Franklin might be shut up. The same work was resumed with the first gleams of returning light in early spring; and on the 18th of March a sledge was dispatched with eight men to arrange one of these depots for future use.

5. Toward midnight on the 29th, Dr. Kane and those who had remained in the ship were sewing moccasins in their warm cabin by lamp-light, when steps were heard above, and down came three of the absent ones, staggering, swollen, haggard, and scarcely able to speak. Four of their companions were lying under their tent frozen and disabled, “somewhere among the hummocks, to the north and east; it was drifting heavily.” A

brave Irishman, Thomas Hickey, had remained at the peril of his life to feed them, and these three had set out to try to obtain aid, but they were so utterly exhausted and bewildered, that they could hardly be restored sufficiently to explain themselves.

6 Instantly to set out to the rescue was, of course, Dr. Kane's first thought, and, as soon as the facts had been ascertained, a sledge, a small tent, and some pemmican, or pounded and spiced meat, were packed up; Mr. Ohlsen, who was the least disabled of the sufferers, was put into a fur bag, with his legs rolled up in dog-skins and eider-down, and strapped upon the sledge, in the hope that he would serve as a guide, and nine men, with Dr. Kane, set forth across the ice, in cold seventy-eight degrees below the freezing-point.

7. Mr. Ohlsen, who had not slept for fifty hours, dropped asleep as soon as the sledge began to move, and thus he continued for sixteen hours, during which the ten proceeded with some knowledge of their course, since huge icebergs of noted forms, stretching in "long beaded lines" across the bay served as a sort of guide-posts. But just when they had come beyond their knowledge, except that their missing comrades must be somewhere within forty miles round, he awoke, evidently delirious and perfectly useless. Presently

they came to a long, level floe, or field of ice, and Dr. Kane, thinking it might have been attractive to weary men unable to stagger over the wild hummocks and rugged surface of the other parts, he decided to search it thoroughly. He left the sledge, raised the tent, buried the pemmican, and took poor Ohlsen out of his bag, as he was just able to keep his legs, and the thermometer had sunk three degrees lower, so that to halt would have been certain death. The thirst was dreadful, for there was no waiting to melt the snow, and in such a temperature, if it be not thawed before touching the mouth, it burns like caustic, and leaves the lips and tongue bleeding.

8. The men were ordered to spread themselves, so as to search completely; but though they readily obeyed, they could not help continually closing up together—either, Dr. Kane thought, from getting bewildered by the forms of the ice, or from the invincible awe and dread of solitude, acting on their shattered nerves in that vast field of intense, lonely whiteness, and in the atmosphere of deadly cold. The two strongest were seized with shortness of breath and trembling-fits, and Dr. Kane himself fainted twice on the snow. Thus they had spent two hours, having been nearly eighteen without water or food, when Hans, their Esquimau hunter, thought he saw a sledge-track

in the snow, and though there was still a doubt whether it were not a mere rift made by the wind, they followed it for another hour, till at length they beheld the stars and stripes of the American flag fluttering on a hummock of snow, and close behind it was the tent of the lost.

9. Dr. Kane was among the last to come up; his men were all standing in file beside the tent, waiting in a sort of awe for him to be the first to enter it and see whether their messmates still lived. He crawled into the darkness, and heard a burst of welcome from four poor helpless figures lying stretched on their backs. "We expected you! We were sure you would come!" and then burst out a hearty cheer outside; and for the first time Dr. Kane was well-nigh overcome by strong feeling.

10. Here were fifteen souls in all to be brought back to the ship. The new-comers had traveled without rest for twenty-one hours, and the tent would barely hold eight men, while outside, motion was the only means of sustaining life. By turns, then, the rescue-party took two hours of sleep each, while those who remained awake paced the snow outside, and food having been taken, the homeward journey began, but not till all the sick had been undressed, rubbed, and newly packed in double buffalo-skins, in which—having had each limb swathed in reindeer-skins, they were laid on

their own sledge, and sewed up in one huge bale, with an opening over each mouth for breathing. This took four hours, and gave almost all the rescuers frost-bitten fingers; and then, all hands standing round, a prayer was said, and the ten set out to drag the four in their sledge over ice and snow, now in ridges, now in hummocks, up and down, hard and wild beyond conception. Ohlsen was sufficiently restored to walk, and all went cheerfully for about six hours, when every one became sensible of a sudden failure of his powers.

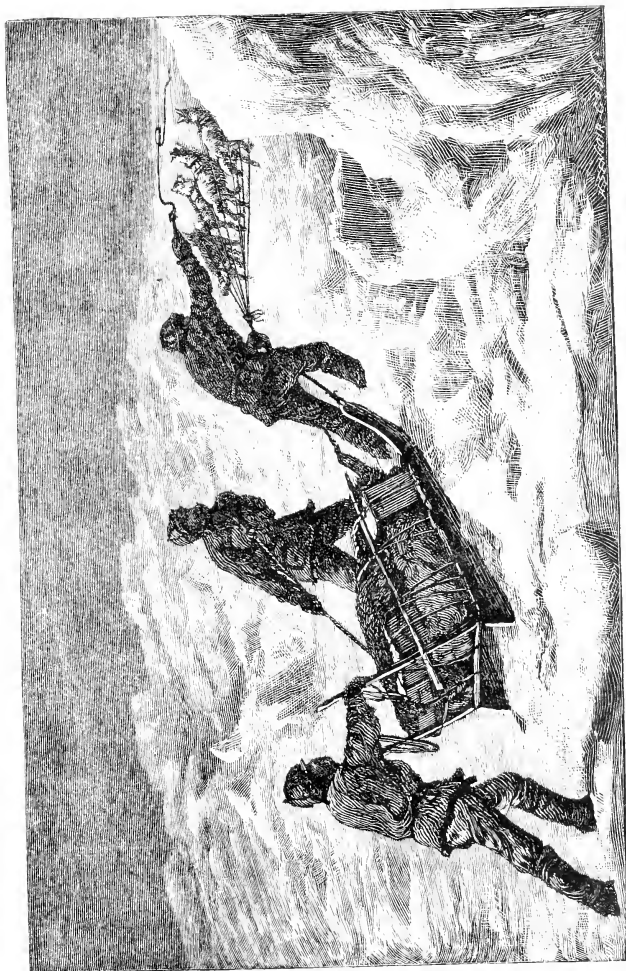
11. "Bonsall and Horton, two of our stoutest men, came to me, begging permission to sleep; they were not cold, the wind did not enter them now; a little sleep was all that they wanted." Presently Hans was found nearly stiff under a drift, and Thomas, bolt upright, had his eyes closed, and could hardly articulate. At last John Blake threw himself on the snow, and refused to rise. "They did not complain of feeling cold; but it was in vain that I wrestled, boxed, ran, argued, jeered, or reprimanded, an immediate halt could not be avoided." So the tent was pitched again with much difficulty, for their hands were too powerless to strike a light, and even the whisky, which had been put under all the coverings of the sledge, at the men's feet, was frozen. Into the tent all the sick and failing were put, and

James McGary was left in charge of them, with orders to come on after a halt of four hours, while Dr. Kane and William Godfrey pushed on ahead, meaning to reach the tent that had been left half-way, and thaw some food by the time the rest came up.

12. Happily, they were on a level tract of ice, for they could hardly have contended with difficulties in the nine miles they had still to go to this tent. They were neither of them in their right senses, but had resolution enough to keep moving, and imposing on one another a continued utterance of words; but they lost all count of time, and could only remember having seen a bear walking leisurely along, and tearing up a fur garment that had been dropped the day before. The beast rolled it into a ball, but took no notice of them, and they proceeded steadily, so "drunken with cold" that they hardly had power to care for the sight of their half-way tent undergoing the same fate. However, their approach frightened away the bear, after it had done no worse than overthrowing the tent. The exhausted pair raised it with much difficulty, crawled in, and slept for three hours. When they awoke, Dr. Kane's beard was frozen so fast to the buffalo-skin over him, that Godfrey had to cut him out with his jackknife; but they had recovered their

faculties, and had time to make a fire, thaw some ice, and make some soup with the pemmican, before the rest of the party arrived.

13. After having given them this refreshment, the last stage of the journey began, and the most severe; for the ice was wild and rough, and exhaustion was leading to the most grievous of losses—that of self-control. In their thirst, some could no longer abstain from eating snow: their mouths swelled, and they became speechless; and all were overpowered by the deadly sleep of cold, dropping torpid upon the snow. But Dr. Kane found that, when roused by force at the end of three minutes, these snatches of sleep did them good, and each in turn was allowed to sit on the runners of the sledge, watched, and awakened. The day was without wind and sunshiny, otherwise they must have perished; for the whole became so nearly delirious, that they retained no recollection of their proceedings; they only traced their course afterward by their foot-marks. But when perception and memory were lost, obedience and self-devotion lived on; still these hungry, frost-bitten, senseless men, tugged at the sledge that bore their comrades, still held together and obeyed their leader, who afterward continued the soundest of the party. One was sent staggering forward, and was proved by the marks in the snow



Sledging over Arctic Ice-fields.

to have repeatedly fallen ; but he reached the brig safely, and was capable of repeating with perfect accuracy the messages Dr. Kane had charged him with for the surgeon.

14. A dog-team, with a sledge and some restoratives, was at once sent out to meet the others, with the surgeon, Dr. Hayes, who was shocked at the condition in which he encountered them—four lying, sewed up in furs, on the sledge, which the other ten were drawing. These ten, three days since hardy, vigorous men, were covered with frost, feeble, and bent. They gave not a glance of recognition, but only a mere vacant, wild stare, and still staggered on, every one of them delirious. It was one o'clock in the afternoon of the third day that they arrived, after sixty-six hours exposure, during which they had been almost constantly on foot. Most of those who still kept their footing stumbled straight on, as if they saw and heard nothing, till they came to the ship's side, when, on Dr. Kane's word to halt, they dropped the lines, mounted the ship's side, and each made straight for his own bed, when he rolled in just as he was, in all his icy furs, and fell into a heavy sleep.

15. There were only the seven who had been left with the ship (five of them being invalids) to carry up the four helpless ones, and attend to all

the rest. Dr. Kane, indeed, retained his faculties, assisted in carrying them in, and saw them attended to, after which he lay down in his cot; but after an hour or two he shouted, "Halloo, on deck there!" and when Dr. Hayes came to him, he gave orders "to call all hands to lay aft, and take two reefs in the stove-pipe." In like manner, each of the party, as he awoke, began to rave, and for two days the ship was an absolute mad-house, the greater part of its inmates frantic in their several cots. Dr. Kane was the first to recover—Ohlsen the last, his mind constantly running upon the search for his comrades in the tent, which he thought himself the only person able to discover. Of those whom the party had gone to assist, good "Irish Tom" soon recovered; but two died in the course of a few days, and the rest suffered very severely.

16. The rest of Dr. Kane's adventures can not here be told; suffice it to say that his ship remained immovable, and, after a second winter of terrible suffering from the diseases induced by the want of fresh meat and vegetables—the place of which was ill-supplied by rats, puppies, and scurvy-grass—it was decided to take to the boats; and, between these and sledges, the ship's company of the *Advance* at last found their way to Greenland, after so long a seclusion from all European news

that, when first they heard of the Crimean War, they thought an alliance between England and France a mere hallucination of their ignorant informant. Dr. Kane—always an unhealthy man—died soon after his return; but he survived long enough to put on record one of the most striking and beautiful histories of patience and unselfishness that form part of the best treasury this world has to show.

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